

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 21, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Donald Safford

CARYL CHESSMAN



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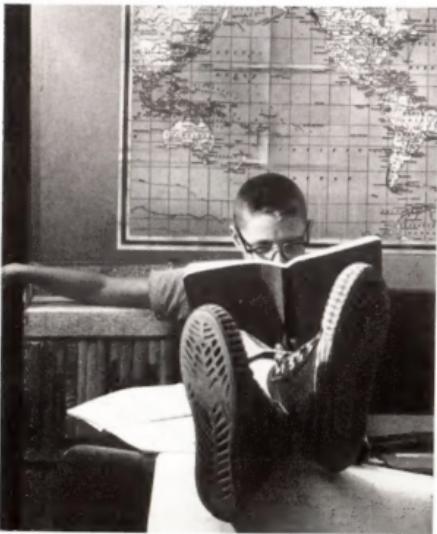
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2. "They've just taken inventory and may be ready to place another order."



3. "But I've got appointments I can't break. And they're in the wrong direction."



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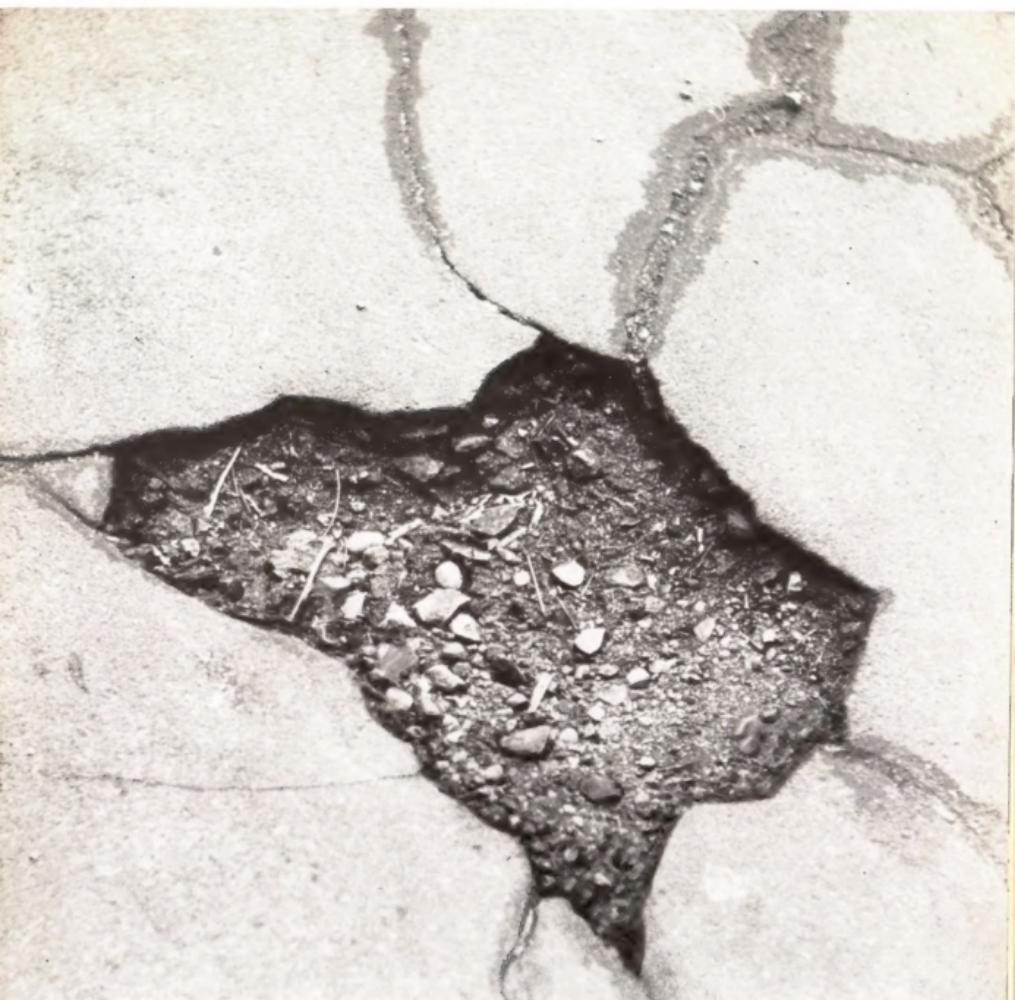
Providence to New York	70¢
Chicago to Detroit	85¢
Cleveland to Milwaukee	\$1.05
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These are day rates, Station-to-Station, for the first three minutes. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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The tread may not show a thing. But inside—in the tire cord—there may be fatal damage. You hit another hole, you round the next sharp turn—blowout! Not every driver knows that a tire is only as strong as its tire cord. And nylon is the toughest, safest tire cord on the market. Nylon's resistance to chuck holes, bumps, rocks is over twice that of ordinary tire cord. Nylon has twice the strength of ordinary cords at the heat of turnpike speeds. Nylon tire cord won't fail from moisture seeping through cracks and cuts in the casing. For better protection from every major cause of blowouts, look for the word **nylon**. **Chemstrand[®] nylon**

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LETTERS

On Altruism

Sir:

I read "objectivist" Ayn Rand's anti-altruistic philosophy [Feb. 29] with a shudder of horror. Her whole idea of life is incredibly wrong. She seems an embittered, unfortunate woman who has never learned the joys of giving to other people, liking other people and being liked by them.

ARABELLE M. PARMET

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Sir:

In your report of my lecture at Yale University [Feb. 29], you alleged that I oppose the morality of altruism because it "leads to self-immolation, tolerance of the 'incompetent' common man, the welfare state, and ultimately to the slave labor camp." Nowhere in the text of my lecture will you find a phrase such as "tolerance of the 'incompetent' common man," or its equivalent, either in the context where you inserted it or in any other context. That phrase is a gross misrepresentation of my position.

I do not speak or think in such terms as "the common man." I leave such patronizing concepts to the liberals. If, by "common man," you meant the lower-income groups, I do not regard incompetence as the exclusive, collective attribute of any group or class, lower or upper. I am not a modern liberal or a Marxist. I do not pass collective judgments on individuals by any sort of group or class standards. The terms "competence" and "incompetence" denote how well or how badly one does one's job, in any profession, on any level of ability, in any income group.

I would never use so evasive an expression as "tolerance of the 'incompetent'." It has no intelligible meaning. If you compare it to the precision with which I express my ideas, you will easily see that it does not belong to my style of speaking or thinking. If you were hinting that what I oppose is the sacrifice of the competent to the incompetent—you don't have to hint; this is what I hereby request that you put me on the record as saying: I oppose the sacrifice of the competent to the incompetent and of any man to any other man.

As to the rest of your report, the direct quotes were selected perceptively and fairly, but I regret that the editorial slant contradicts their meaning and sets up a straw man by equating me with Herbert Spencer. If you wish to refute me, you will not do so by refuting Spencer (or Nietzsche, or Epicurus or Robert A. Taft). Their philosophies are not mine.

AYN RAND

New York City

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540 N. Michigan Avenue
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Sir:

As long as Ayn Rand insists on the premise that ego liberates rather than obliterates ultimate truth and reason, she will, unfortunately, continue to arrive at her misguided conclusions based on half-truths.

MRS. DAVID GENTRY

Glendale, Calif.

Tears for Injun Joe

Sir:

Your story on Caryl Chessman [Feb. 29] brought to mind Mark Twain's comments in *Tom Sawyer*: "The petition [for Injun Joe's pardon] had been largely signed; many tearful and eloquent meetings had been held, and a committee of sappy women were appointed to go in deep mourning and wail around the Governor, and implore him to be a merciful ass and trample his duty under foot. Injun Joe was believed to have killed five citizens of the village, but what of that? If he had been Satan himself, there would have been plenty of weaklings ready to scribble their names to a pardon petition, and drip a tear on it from their permanently impaired and leaky waterworks."

LAWRENCE DE FOY

Los Angeles

Sir:

Perhaps we should grant Caryl Chessman a full pardon and deport him to Uruguay, or Brazil, or the Vatican, or London, where he is more fully appreciated. Perhaps they would like to have Governor Brown also.

VERNON W. WHIPPLE

Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

"Self-styled descendant of famed Poet John Greenleaf Whittier," Caryl Chessman is not only a criminal but also a phony. John Greenleaf Whittier never married, and therefore no one would ever believe that he left any descendants.

HELEN WHITTLER

Gardner, Mass.

¶ Like Reader Whittier, variously removed cousins abound. There are no direct descendants.—ED.

Frustration at Squaw Valley

Sir:

Couples who went to the Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley [Feb. 29] found that, after paying \$2 to park their cars about a mile from the area, another \$15 at the entrance gate, they got to see very little. They could see the opening and closing ceremonies, the championship figure skaters and hockey play-

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ers perform their brilliant best, only if they had an extra \$50. We weren't even allowed to drown our frustrations at the lovely bar in the main lodge—that also being closed to all but officials and season-ticket holders. We gave up and went home to be greeted by the TV announcer saying that "officials" just couldn't understand why this Winter Olympics was drawing such meager crowds!"

CAROLYN KIRBY

San Jose, Calif.

Religious Persuasion

Sir:

Ob, come now. With religion tipping the balance in the coming presidential election, how could you neglect mention of Pat Nixon's persuasion in an otherwise very good article [Feb. 29]? In what religion was she baptized and what religion does she and her family now profess?

ROBERT CARSON

Little Rock, Ark.

¶ Mrs. Nixon does not know whether she was ever baptized, attended a Methodist church as a child, joined her husband's Whittier (Calif.) Friends Church, to which she still belongs, although the family now attends Metropolitan Memorial Methodist church in Washington.—ED.

Pamphleteering

Sir:

I know you won't print this letter anyway, so I won't bother being polite. Your article on that Air Force pamphlet against Communism [Feb. 29] was very distressing. You seemed to cut down the Air Force as though you yourselves were Commies. Let me remind you that the Communist plan for subversive tactics thrives on well-respected front organizations. What better front than a church?

M. O. HARA

South Bend, Ind.

Sir:

I would like to commend you on the fine and enlightening article, "Birdbrained." Though one may not agree with all that the National Council of Churches of Christ does, to infer that it or the Revised Standard Version of the Bible is Communist is, as your article well pointed out, silly.

TOM WILBANKS

Western Theological Seminary
Pittsburgh

The Good Old Days

Sir:

Your review of Nina Epton's *Love and the French* [Feb. 22] mentions ladies of that nation in the 14th and 15th centuries who were able to stand candlesticks on their high-laced bosoms.

I have a near-octogenarian friend who maintains that when he lived in the Sydney suburb of Balmain as a youngster, he was fascinated by the family's female servants.

This well-endowed young woman, when preparing to meet her beau, would stand the candlestick on the said protuberance whilst combing her hair. In those days, both skirts and hair were long, and, apparently, other statistics were in like proportion. At any rate, my old friend refers to them as the good old days.

IAN McDougall

Sydney, New South Wales

A Breakdown

Sir:

Your "Anatomy of the Electorate" [Feb. 29] has further convinced me that the older,



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Home to the happiest birthday she has known. . . . For all the years to come she will remember this birthday best, because your diamond gift, precious, unique, will keep it shining always like a star. "A diamond is forever."

This year, let a diamond make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.

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FORD Falcon

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wiser and more educated a person becomes, the more inclined he is toward the philosophy of Republicanism.

CHARLINE ATKINS

Denver

Sir:

The minority Republican Party cannot reverse the trend of its decreasing percentage of the total registration unless it changes its name. As a former Republican State Central Committee chairman (California, 1950), my experience and observation have convinced me that an indestructible prejudice against Republicanism is deep-rooted. The Democrats' propaganda has placed a label of big business and selfish interest on their opposition party, while selling themselves as the only champion of social welfare and prosperity. This false impression is a dishonest appraisal of the differentiation between the parties' principles and accomplishments—but it sticks.

I do not advocate a third party, but a coalition of voters with common convictions, men and women of both major parties joined together under a new banner, balanced against the remaining left wing of the Democratic Party.

PHILIP L. BOYD

Riverside, Calif.

Sir:

Regarding your article, "Anatomy of the Electorate," could you give me the breakdown on religion, comparing North and South?

JIM DUNHAM

Findlay, Ohio

¶ There are about 24.6 million Protestants in the South, 5.1 million Roman Catholics and 395,000 Jews. In the West, the figures go 6.1 million, 5.1 million and 404,000. For the rest of the country, the breakdown runs 30 million, 28.7 million, 4.4 million.—ED.

Understanding a Problem

Sir:

You have performed a distinct public service in presenting "The Race to College" [Mar. 7]. This is a forceful presentation of conditions as they are. TIME's prestige and wide circulation will bring the situation to the attention of many parents and pupils who need to understand it.

ROBERT W. COPE

Supervising Principal
Schwenksville Union School District
Schwenksville, Pa.

Sir:

You state that despite its excellent advanced program, Andover can only squeeze 43% of its students into the "Big Three." Andover is not attempting such squeezing at all. The dean has made great attempts to put students into schools where they will derive the greatest benefit. Two of our Merit Scholarship winners, certainly outstanding students, chose from the 44 other colleges, because they believed they could derive more from them. A big-name school, as you report, is by no means an assurance of the best education, even for a good student.

GEORGE PIDOT JR.

Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

Rather than Haverford being "a sort of pocket Harvard," as you state, Harvard has long been a sort of gargantuan Haverford.

STEPHEN S. SMITH

Haverford College
Haverford, Pa.

help end
the
SIX
common
causes



of
tired,
aching
feet



with
comfortable
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2 **ELIMINATES FORWARD STRESS**. FootSavers molded ball-joint pocket gives freedom where your foot bends.

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5 **CORRECTS OFF-BALANCE LEVERAGE**. Wedged heel helps to correct your walk with effective "True-Balancer."

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Enjoy a new kind of firm support and cushioned foot comfort in smartly styled shoes your friends will admire. Make walking fun again in comfortable Bostonian FootSavers.

Above: #802 . . . Smooth-seam 4-eyelet in soft-grain brown calf. Also #803 in black. Bottom: #4078 . . . Trim seamless style in glove-soft brown calf. Also #4079 in black. At finer men's shops, shoe and department stores. © 1960 Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass. FootSavers start at \$22.95. Also makers of Mansfields and Bostonian Boys.

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Invention is one measure
of this company's growth

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"... I want to thank you and if I can ever be of any help to you in any way, please do not hesitate to call on me.

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Get Liberty's
home insurance
"package" at initial savings
of about 20%

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Dialogue

The dialogue that ripens day by day into history ran its endless way last week. In Washington, statesmen spoke of law and human rights and national survival. In the South, plain citizens, newly articulate and determined, argued for human rights at 5 and 10-cent store lunch counters. The exchange of minds funneled through ballot boxes and sound trucks in New Hampshire, and men of political ambition raised voices at farms and factory gates in Wisconsin, while the question of one man's survival clanged through the cell bars of California's San Quentin prison and reawakened the Bible-old debate over the right of one man to take the life of another.

The voices were fresh, but the dialogues themselves were as old as men. All that

is, except one. It came from a 94.8-lb. paddle-wheeled ball that last week rose from the surface of the earth and vaulted through space. The destiny of Pioneer V lay in the unknown void—as far as 186 million miles away—in a 527-million-mile sun-circling orbit between the earth and Venus (see SCIENCE). And of all the machinery thrown into the heavens since the space age began only 29 months ago, Pioneer V alone has a voice that will thunder through history. On earth, scientists press buttons that ask questions, and Pioneer V will deliver the answers, from perhaps 50 million miles away. "How're you doing?" the scientists will ask. "What's the extent of high-energy radiation, the density of cosmic dust, the temperature, the quality of magnetic fields? What's the weather like?" And the answers, delivered by radio into machines on the rotating earth will push the dialogue onward, enabling man one day to launch himself into space.

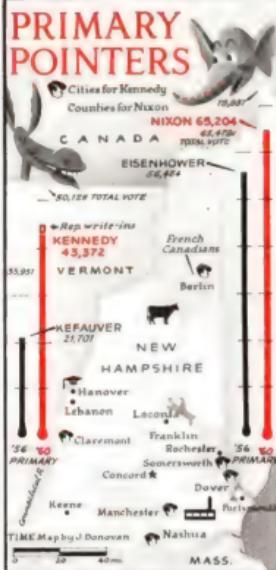
The new planet lacks only a questioning device of its own—one that can ask of the earth: "How're you doing?" Scanning the fruits of their daily dialogue, earthlings can send the word back: "It is not all easy, but still trying."

THE CAMPAIGN

End of the Beginning

On election eve in New Hampshire, the big white clock in the cupola of Dover's city hall glowed down on the wintry town, and the resinous vapors of a torchlight parade gave a tang to the crisp night air. The kiltsed Granite State Highlanders tooted *The Blue Bells of Scotland* on their bagpipes, and John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the Democratic U.S. Senator from neighboring Massachusetts, marched behind them through the streets of Dover. In the city hall, 1,000 people waited to see Candidate Kennedy and to hear his last word in the first primary campaign of 1960. "Beginning tomorrow," said he, "New Hampshire can fire a shot that will be heard around the country!"

Yankee New Hampshire (pop. 592,000) seemed hardly that important. Its voice in the national electoral college (four votes out of 537) is small; its registered voters (325,710) barely exceed those of the city of Milwaukee, are only half the number of the employees of General Motors and their families. Yet individualistic New Hampshire is traditionally 1) the first of the 50 states to indicate



a presidential choice, and 2) a political Ouija board that fascinates politicians, and sometimes foretells political events to come. New Hampshire's early primary elections mark the end of the beginning of any presidential election, the tingling time when the candidates actually begin to pile up their convention votes.

A Family Affair. No one had any doubts last week about the outcome of New Hampshire's primaries: only two major candidates were in the race—Vice President Nixon, Republican; Jack Kennedy, Democrat.

After the dramatic withdrawal of Nelson Rockefeller as a G.O.P. presidential candidate (TIME, Jan. 4), Nixon had scrapped his plans for an active invasion of New Hampshire, relied on an intensive telephone campaign and the well-kinl efforts of the state's dominant Republican organization to put him across. Kennedy, on the other hand, had waged an all-out campaign, powered by his family, his own indefatigable youthfulness, and the strength and cunning of the Kennedy organization, which, months before, had virtually taken over the fledgling New Hampshire Democratic machine.

Both candidates won smashing victories and both made political history. Nixon, with 65,204 votes, polled an alltime high in New Hampshire—significantly ahead of Dwight Eisenhower's previous high-water mark of 56,464 in the 1956 primary. Kennedy racked up 43,372 Democratic ballots, more than twice the previous record set by Democratic Winner Estes Kefauver in 1956. Neither candi-



Associated Press
BLAST-OFF OF PIONEER V
And now a word from earth.

date had hoped for anything approaching the final tabulations.

Other straws in the New Hampshire wind:

¶ Kennedy's vote reduced the traditional Republican lead in New Hampshire from 2-to-1 to 3-to-2.

¶ The heavy write-in vote which had been predicted for Rockefeller failed to materialize, and the New York Governor got only 2,745 handwritten ballots, leading Nixon's supporters to conclude that Rocky is no longer a threat in 1960.

¶ An election-eve denunciation of Kennedy as "soft on Communism" by rabidly right-wing Governor Wesley Powell was denounced by Kennedy and sharply repudiated by Nixon. Its possible effects on the election were hard to discern. Some analysts claimed that the unprecedented turnout at the polls was a result; others saw the 2,106 Republican write-in votes for Kennedy as a protest against Powell. Nixon aides interpreted the Vice President's quick repudiation of Powell's reckless charge as a big help in dissociating their candidate from the right wing of the Republican Party. But when the results were in, Nixon still congratulated Powell, his New Hampshire campaign manager, for a "great achievement."

¶ Kennedy's greatest pile-up of votes occurred, predictably, in the industrialized, Democratic and Catholic cities. Jacqueline Kennedy's French blood may have been a factor in the heavy vote for her husband by New Hampshire's 98,000 French Canadian citizens.

¶ Nixon won handily in the small towns but Democratic strength was increased in many towns and counties. Politicians conclusion: Kennedy's Catholicism did not hurt him in Protestant towns, helped him in Catholic cities.

¶ In the two barometer counties of Coos and Strafford (which have rarely failed to forecast the November outcomes in



UPI

CANDIDATE NIXON
The Ouija board had mixed results.

their March primaries, the Democrats won—3,059 to 4,893 in Strafford, 5,060 to 4,338 in Coos.

In Washington, the supporters of Democratic Candidates Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson and Stuart Symington assumed a public so-what attitude, but showed private signs of alarm at the strength of Jack Kennedy's increasing thrust. The crucial primary for Kennedy will still be three weeks hence in Wisconsin where he is running hard against Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey for the Democratic honors, and where Republicans can freely cross over to vote either ticket. But at the end of the beginning it looked more and more a campaign between Dick Nixon and Jack Kennedy.



UPI

CANDIDATES KENNEDY & HUMPHREY IN WISCONSIN
The time was later than some thought.

Yellow Alert

"What has New Hampshire got to do with the price of eggs?" snapped a Humphrey henchman after Jack Kennedy's impressive primary victory last week. Said a Stuart Symington lieutenant: "Have any of the oldtimers given up? The professionals have been through this before."

Such talk was more and more frequent last week around the Washington campfires of Jack Kennedy's rivals for the Democratic presidential nomination. The names of notable unbeatables who had been beaten—Taft, Kefauver, Stassen—were lovingly recalled. There was a lot of big talk about stopping Kennedy in Wisconsin April 5, or if not there in West Virginia May 10. But the plain fact was that Kennedy's rivals were scared. Nobody was panicking yet, but every Democrat was operating on a yellow alert.

Late Recognition. After weeks of muted weekend campaigning, Hubert Humphrey started moving fast in Wisconsin, even crossed paths briefly with Rival Kennedy at the Intonville Airport. Shaking hands at a Kenosha factory gate, Humphrey was delighted to discover that more and more people were recognizing him. In the midst of his rising enthusiasm, the buoyant Humphrey still had pensive moments. After an overtime session of handshaking with deaf children at a school in Delavan, he was asked why he spent so much time with nonvoters. Replied Humphrey: "I guess it's because Jack's got a feeling he can win. Me, I'm not so sure, so I'm going to have some fun."

Missouri's handsome Stu Symington wound up two weeks of galoshing around snowbound southern Illinois at a rally in the gymnasium of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Herrin (pop. 9,331). More than 400 party zealots, including virtually every Democratic candidate for local office or for the national convention from 19 southern Illinois counties, gave Symington a heartening welcome. It was, Symington said, "the best political meeting for me since 1948." But for a man campaigning in the friendly sector of a neighboring state, it was not good enough. Indeed, few Illinoisans seemed aware that an incipient president was in their midst.

Early Declaration. In Washington, Symington held several meetings last week with his top strategists—Lawyer (and onetime White House aide) Clark Clifford, Representative Charlie Brown and Administrative Assistant Stan Fike—to mull over the situation. There were predictions that Symington would make his formal declaration of candidacy earlier than planned—around April 1. But some of Symington's own high command felt that it was a lot later than he thought. Said a St. Louis advocate: "Symington has waited a year and a half too long to put together the kind of organization Kennedy has. What Kennedy has to do after Wisconsin is to catch one of several states. If he can get a big one, this boy has got it. If he can move one of the big boys, we can forget all about the convention in Los Angeles."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Sunset Cruise

Sitting at his White House desk, President Eisenhower listened solemnly last week while a worried, deeply tanned Government official told him about a Florida vacation. Explained John Charles Doerfer, 55, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission: he and his wife had taken an innocent little pleasure cruise last February, six days and nights aboard *Lazy Girl*, sleek yacht of Big Florida Broadcaster (twelve radio and TV stations) George B. Storer. There was also a free round trip from Washington on Storer's private plane. As chairman of the commission which regulates and licenses all U.S. telecommunications, Doerfer saw nothing wrong in accepting such lavish hospitality; in fact, he argued, it was his duty to know and associate with broadcasters. When the explanations were finished, Ike said quietly: "If you want to offer your resignation, it will be accepted."

Doerfer might have got off easier if he had not cruised through hot water with Storer once before. In 1958—long before the rigged quiz and payola investigations—Doerfer told the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight that he had spent a week in Florida and the Bahamas at Storer's expense, and admitted that he had also accepted at least \$1,000 worth of airline tickets, hotel bills, fees for speeches, and the loan of a color TV set from broadcasters. That time he was forgiven.

Republican Doerfer, a longtime Wisconsin politician and bureaucrat, and a protégé of Senator Alexander Wiley and ex-Governor Walter Kohler, went to Washington in 1955 as a member of the FCC. He was elevated to the chairmanship in 1957. He has been a notable friend of the broadcasting industry. His successor as FCC chairman: Frederick W. Ford, so a rough, shrewd West Virginia lawyer, a member of the FCC for three years, a good friend of Attorney General William Rogers, and an advocate of stern new regulations to curb the excesses of the industry.

THE CONGRESS

Shadow & Substance

The shadows that flitted fitfully over both houses of Congress last week periodically enveloped matters of substance. In the second week of the civil rights debate the substance was an evolving bill primarily aimed at guaranteeing the voting rights of the southern Negro (TIME, March 14). The shadows that darkened the effort were cast by both the misinformed south and the coalition of Northern Democratic and Republican civil rights advocates. The liberals clamored for provisions beyond voting rights, e.g., statutory recognition of the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision, and the Southerners wanted no bill at all. And both groups were making a record for home consumption.

For the Senate leadership, it was a waiting game: shoulder to shoulder. Republican Leader Everett Dirksen and



VICTORIOUS SOUTHERNERS AFTER CLOUTURE'S DEFEAT¹²
For their opposition, delay seemed a light price.

Associated Press

Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson was waiting for the right moment to ring down the debate and bring on a victorious vote for a solid bill that could get passed. Johnson, in fact, called off round-the-clock sessions. From the way things were going, it looked as if the right bill would be handed to them this week by the House. Speaker Sam Rayburn was trying to see to that.

But as the Senate waited for the House to go through its well-disciplined motions of debate, the impatient ranks behind the Dirksen-Johnson front broke free. Despite Johnson's warnings, the eager liberal wing, led by Illinois' Democratic Senator Paul Douglas and New York's G.O.P. Senator Jack Javits, rounded up enough signatures to force a

closure vote to cut off debate. Leaders Johnson and Dirksen opposed the liberal play because it was out of time and doomed to failure. Sure enough, when the closure vote came, Johnson and Dirksen, together with the Southerners, beat it down with a vote of 53-42—proving in seeming contradiction, that Lyndon Johnson still controlled the biggest block of the two-thirds majority needed to invoke cloture.

In all the week's shadow boxing, the senate produced one positive matter of substance by killing off the first of Ex-Dirksen's seven-point civil rights program. It was a proviso that would have made it a crime to interfere with Federal court orders in school desegregation cases—a statute of doubtful importance, for as the Senate could see, federal court orders already have their legal standing and there is little logic in giving special authority to court orders for desegregation. When it came to a show-down, the combined force of both the South and Northern liberals beat down the section.

To the untrained eye the week's work contained little substance for a body of grown men who deliberate on matters of global importance, but sensible Senators knew that delay was a light price to pay for hoped-for sound results. Said Texas Johnson on the floor: "The process of legislation may be slow—annoyingly slow

to many people. But this issue has been with us for many decades. I believe we must sit here at least several days more [until] genuine progress is in sight . . . When the Senate is ready to act, it will act, and I believe wisely and well."



Maudlin—© 1960 St. Louis Post-Dispatch
ENGINEER

From left: Arkansas' Fulbright, Georgia's Talmadge, Oklahoma's Kerr, South Carolina's Thurmond, Georgia's Russell, Arkansas' McClellan



SAVE-CHESMAN DEMONSTRATORS PICKETING STATE CAPITOL IN SACRAMENTO
After books, movies and mournful ballads.

JUSTICE

The Chessman Affair

(See Cover)

Behind the bleak concrete walls of California's San Quentin state prison, a Death Row guard handed a brief note, signed by the warden, to the pale, heavy-browed prisoner in Cell 2455. "Dear Sir," it began. "On this date I received Death Warrant in your case . . ." The presiding Superior Court judge, the note went on, had set the date for the prisoner's execution, a date seven weeks away: March 28, 1952.

But Death Row Prisoner Caryl Chessman still had a lot of life ahead of him. In the eight years since he read the warden's note, Convict Chessman, 35, has written four books, survived eight different execution dates, outlived the judge who sentenced him to death, and become the world's most famous prisoner, center of impassioned arguments on both sides of the Atlantic. Last week, with Chessman scheduled to die in San Quentin's green octagonal gas chamber next May 2 (execution date No. 9), the California legislature met in Sacramento in a special session called by Governor Edmund Brown, ostensibly to debate capital punishment but in effect to decide the fate of Caryl Whittier Chessman.

"Let Him Live!" The legislature's capital-punishment hearing took place against the stir and clamor of mounting agitation to save Chessman from the "green room as Death Row inmates call it. An auto caravan pulled into Sacramento bringing 384 University of California faculty signatures on a petition urging abolition of capital punishment. A rodeo rider, billed as a "minuteman," drove his tired horse from San Francisco to Sacramento, picking up save-Chessman signatures along the way. An unemployed schoolteacher named Norbert Nicholas was in the fourth day of a save-Chessman hunger strike in Sacramento.

At the capitol building, a sprinkling of demonstrators displayed placards reading STOP INSTITUTIONALIZED MURDER and LOVE, NOT HATE. After the hearing, California beatniks assembled in North Beach for a reading of save-Chessman poems. Letters and telegrams were pouring into Governor Brown's office at an average rate of 1,000 a day, and they ran 3 to 2 in favor of Chessman.

The spare-Chessman movement stirred emotions far beyond the borders of California. Showing in big cities across the U.S., as well as in dozens of movie houses in California, was a 45-minute documentary, *Justice and Caryl Chessman*, script-

ed by a sometime San Quentin inmate (forgery), and bent to the cause of clemency for Chessman. On jukeboxes across the land, an imitation folk song called *The Ballad of Caryl Chessman* was mournfully urged, "Let him live, let him live let him live!"

Telephone callers from Western Europe, Latin America, Africa and Australia have implored Governor Brown to spare Chessman's life. Brown has received save-Chessman pleas from Belgium's Queen Mother and from the Social Democratic members of Italy's Chamber of Deputies. Secretary of State Christian Herter told his press conference last week that the Chessman case had stirred up "quite a surprising amount of interest" in South America. In Brazil, circulators of a save-Chessman petition claim more than 2,500,000 signatures. In the Netherlands, record dealers are profiting from brisk demand for a new platter, in Dutch, called *The Death Song of Chessman*. The London *News Chronicle* recently editorialized that "the great American nation is humiliated because of the agony of Chessman," and the London *Daily Herald* added that the day Chessman is executed "will be a day when it will be rather unpleasant to be an American." Buenos Aires' *Critica* called the Chessman case "the most terrible case that has faced the world in recent history."

Symbolic Cause. A score of condemned men besides Caryl Chessman await execution on San Quentin's Death Row, and another 140 or so in other Death Rows in the U.S. alone. But none of the others stir international telephone calls, hunger strikes, petitions and jukebox recordings. Why Chessman?

Essentially, the world has singled out Caryl Chessman from the faceless men on the world's Death Rows because Chessman wrote his way out of obscurity. Most of the men sentenced to death for crimi-



GOVERNOR BROWN
After letters, the letter of the law.

nal offenses in the Western world are inarticulate and without the influence that Caryl Chessman's talents as writer and self-taught advocate have brought to his cause. They tend to be, said Governor Brown in his message asking the legislature to abolish capital punishment, "the weak, the poor, the ignorant." But Chessman wrote a bestselling book, *Cell 2455 Death Row*.⁶ Published in 1954, it has sold 500,000 copies in the U.S. alone, been translated into more than a dozen foreign languages. *Cell 2455 Death Row* is an erratic and pretentious book, but in the minds of its readers in the U.S. and abroad, it made Caryl Chessman a vividly living personality.

Once he emerged from obscurity, Chessman inevitably became a symbolic cause for opponents of capital punishment (*see box*), all the more so because he was not convicted of killing anybody. French Singer George Vienette, official of an anti-capital-punishment organization, traveled from Paris to Governor Brown's office in Sacramento to plead personally for Chessman's life. Brazilian Supreme Court Justice Nelson Hungria, principal author of the Brazilian penal code (no capital punishment), declared that "Caryl Chessman is the most eloquent assurance of the need to wipe out once and for all the death penalty, that ugly stain on civilization."

Much of the save-Chessman agitation around the world has little or no connection with the general debate over capital punishment. It arises partly out of compassion, sometimes tinged with admiration, for his twelve-year battle to stave off execution—his self-publicized role as underdog, fighting alone against the impersonal power of the state, his sheer persistence in teaching himself law, drafting appeals, writs and briefs in a double-locked Death Row cell, smuggling out one writ on sheets of toilet paper, concealing the manuscript of a book by typing it lightly on carbon paper after prison authorities ordered him not to write any more for publication. But the No. 1 argument of the spare-Chessman camp is that he has already suffered enough. Such phrases as "long agony" and "legal torture" and "abominable suspense" abound in European editorials on the Chessman case. Most Europeans seem strangely unaware that U.S. courts have postponed Chessman's execution not to torment him but to safeguard his legal rights, to listen, at his own resourceful and persistent urging, to his own appeals on his own behalf.

Intricate Combination. The vigor and eloquence of the appeals, delivered from the unique platform of Death Row, have caught the public ear as they once caught the ear of cops, judges and social workers when Chessman began his life of crime back in the 1930s. Caryl Chessman was a bumbling criminal, but he had a special genius: he has always known by instinct the intricate combinations that lead to the

law's heart. In his teens he won second chances (for more crime) with a patter of contrition and redemption. ("I now see crime in its true light. I feel a keen desire to rid myself completely of it.") In reform school, jail and prison he worked so diligently at worthy projects, e.g., once he wrote a constitution and bylaws for a youngsters' anti-dope league, that he impressed detention and parole authorities.

With it all, Caryl Chessman was—and is—arrogant, self-centered and pathologically egotistical. At San Quentin, he greeted one of his lawyers—who arrived an hour late for an appointment after winning another legal delay—with a snarling "Where have you been, you son of a

he had a superior attitude toward other students. A lot of them disliked him. Carol never seemed to make friends with nice boys, and he finally took up with some bad ones."

Over the Wall. By his own accounts, Chessman started pilfering and stealing cars for joyrides back in his early teens. But his first serious run-in with the law came when he was arrested at 16 on a charge of auto theft. Taken to Los Angeles' juvenile hall for a medical examination, he scrambled through a window, jumped into a truck, drove it up to the wall surrounding the place, climbed atop the truck and escaped over the wall. Arrested at 3:30 a.m. next day while looting



HOODLUM CHESSMAN (CENTER) AFTER 1941 ARREST
After bumbling crime, a key to the egotistic heart.

UPI

bitch?" Said a former Los Angeles plainclothesman who got to know him well: "His ego is so apparent that it almost reaches out and grabs you by the throat."

The Outsider. A psychologist's report, written when Chessman was 18, noted that his "boastfulness is a compensation for underlying feelings of insecurity and inadequacy." Chessman was brought up in the Glendale section of Los Angeles. His father was a bitter, disappointed ineffectual who drifted from one job to another (carpenter, poultry butcher, Venetian-blind installer, yardman), and the precarious family income was battered by heavy medical expenses. Chessman's mother was injured in an auto accident when he was nine, the rest of her life was a chaired invalid, paralyzed from the waist down. And her son Carol (the Caryl spelling is his own invention) was sick and undersized, afflicted with bronchial asthma, chronic nasal congestion and a pale, dolorous, big-nosed, droop-lipped face.

At first Chessman made up for poverty and physical shortcomings by excelling in schoolwork. A schoolmate remembers him as "very argumentative in class. He always talked way over people's heads, and

a drugstore (inexplicably Chessman piled all the cigars in the middle of the floor and broke whisky bottles over them), he was sent to the Preston state industrial school at Ione, Calif., for eight months.

A few months after his second release from Preston, 18-year-old Caryl Chessman landed in the county jail on another auto-theft charge. With two stays in Preston already on his record, he faced a term in San Quentin. But he summoned his talent with words, wrote a long essay declaring that he was filled with "a sense of repulsion against all things criminal, including myself for having become ensnared in its brutal grip during my formative years." An impressed Superior Court judge put young Chessman on probation.

A year later he was sent to San Quentin on five convictions for robbery and assault.⁷ After two years in San Quentin, as a reward for good behavior Chessman was transferred to the model "open prison" at Chino, where men are trusted not

⁶ He followed it with two comparatively feeble accounts of his Death Row years: *Trial by Obscure* and *The Face of Justice*, and then a novel, first published in Europe and scheduled for publication in the U.S. next month as *Obsession*.

⁷ In the interval between Preston and San Quentin, Chessman had married a teen-age girl. After he had been in San Quentin for five years, she got a divorce.

to escape. Chessman escaped, went back to robbing, explained after his capture that he had run away only because he was bent on carrying out a plot to kill or kidnap Hitler. Sent back to prison, he was released on parole four years later, in December 1947.

Red Light Bandit. Over a span of several days within the next month, a gunman in a grey Ford coupé equipped with a red spotlight prodded lovers' lanes in outlying sections of Los Angeles. Flashing the spotlight as if he were a policeman, he pulled up to parked cars, robbed the couples at pistol point. Local newspapers called him "the Red Light Bandit." On two occasions, he forced a woman to get into his car and perform, as the indictments later charged, an "unnatural sex act." One of the victims, a girl of 17, was also forced to submit to "attempted rape." The girl later sank into schizophrenia, has been confined to a state hospital for nearly as long as Cary Chessman has been confined on Death Row. Some psychiatrists think that the ordeal inflicted upon her by the gunman is partly to blame for her mental illness.

The evening after the final Red Light Bandit crime, Los Angeles police flashed a bulletin to patrol cars: two armed men had just robbed a clothing store and escaped in a grey Ford. Shortly afterward, two officers in a patrol car spotted a grey Ford, pursued it, ran it down after a wild, 70-m.p.h. chase. Driver of the fleeing Ford: Caryl Chessman.

Damaging Evidence. Charged with the Red Light Bandit crimes as well as the clothing-store robbery, Chessman insisted on acting as his own defense counsel. He denied the red-light crimes, but the evidence against him was strong enough to convince the jury. The grey Ford (it had been stolen Jan. 13) matched descriptions of the Red Light Bandit's car. At the trial, Red Light Bandit victims identified the .45 pistol that Chessman had tossed away when the pursuing patrol car caught up with him. Witnesses also said that a pen flashlight found in the grey Ford looked like one that the bandit had used. The prosecution produced a nut, found in Chessman's pocket when he was arrested and charged that he had used it in attaching red cellophane to the spotlight on the car. A plainclothesman who had interrogated Chessman the day after his arrest testified that he made several statements linking him to the red-light crimes, including an admission that the 17-year-old girl was in his car. And most damaging of all, three victims, including the sexually maltreated woman and girl, unequivocally identified Chessman as the Red Light Bandit.

Chessman was convicted and sentenced in Los Angeles County Superior Court on a total of 17 counts. The two counts on which Judge Charles W. Fricke sentenced Chessman to death were not the sexual assaults, but two offenses under the California kidnaping statute, which makes it a capital offense to "seize" anyone "for ransom, reward or to commit extortion or robbery," if the victim suffers "bodily

harm." The prosecution argued, and the jury agreed, that by robbing the woman and the girl, then forcing them into his car and sexually assaulting them, Chessman had committed kidnaping for robbery with bodily harm.⁹

In the Mazes. Since July 1948, a cell 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 10 ft. 6 in. long and 7 ft. 6 in. high has been Caryl Chessman's world. In it he has, in his own words, "read or skimmed 10,000 legal books, and written between two and three million words." In the opinion of celebrated Liability Lawyer Melvin ("King of Torts") Belli, Chessman has become "one of the sharpest and best-trained lawyers I have met."

With the help of various lawyers, self-taught Legal Expert Chessman managed



THE LATE JUDGE FRICKE
Shorthand had a long arm.

to keep his case dragging back and forth through the courts for twelve years after he was sentenced to death. His major appeals have revolved around the disputed 2,000-page transcript of his 1948 trial. Court Reporter Ernest Perry died of a heart attack when he had finished transcribing only one-third of his shorthand notes, and his death, plus an error on the part of Judge Fricke, threw the case into a legal limbo.

Fricke's error, as the U.S. Supreme Court saw it, lay in denying Chessman's request to be present at the mid-1949 hearings at which Judge Fricke certified the transcript that a substitute court reporter put together from Perry's notes. Chessman appealed that denial through the mazes of the courts, and won six stays

⁹ Chessman has managed to create an impression that the California statute has since been changed in a way that makes the Red Light Bandit offenses no longer capital crimes. Not so. The statute was indeed amended in 1951, but only to eliminate the possibility that a "standstill" robbery might be construed under the law as kidnaping.

of execution along the way. In 1957, nearly nine years after Chessman was sentenced to death, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the denial violated his constitutional right to due process of law. After new hearings a Superior Court judge ordered more than 2,000 changes in the transcript.

Chessman attacked the revised transcript, again carried his case to the U.S. Supreme Court. But last December, after ordering the seventh stay of execution, the court rejected Chessman's appeal for a review of a state court decision upholding the revised transcript. A Superior Court judge set a new execution date, No. 8: Feb. 10, 1960.

The Deathwatch. At any time during the past few years Caryl Chessman might have saved his life by appealing to the Governor of California to exercise executive clemency and commute the death sentence to life imprisonment.* But Chessman's prickly, demanding ego stands in the way. "Caryl Chessman has not sought executive clemency from me," said Governor Brown last October. "To the contrary, he has declared that he seeks only vindication. This I cannot give him. The evidence of his guilt is overwhelming . . . His attitude has been one of steadfast arrogance and contempt."

But with his mail running 10 to 1 in favor of sparing Chessman, and with his own conscience nagging at him, Pat Brown, longtime opponent of capital punishment, agonized over the Chessman case as Feb. 10 drew near. Ten hours before Chessman was to die—he had already been taken to a special deathwatch cell 1½ paces from the door of the gas chamber—Brown received a State Department telegram advising him that the government of Uruguay was gravely concerned about the possibility of demonstrations protesting Chessman's execution when President Eisenhower visited Uruguay in early March. Brown promptly decided to grant a 60-day reprieve (TIME, Feb. 29).

After the Marathon. Governor Brown called the special session of the state legislature to consider his proposal to abolish capital punishment, but even before the session started, Brown decided that he could not win. The lawmakers were sore at him for "passing the buck," as they grumbly put it, and a poll showed that sentiment in the legislature was running 4 to 1 against saving Caryl Chessman from the gas chamber. Many legislators felt strongly that Chessman had been escaping justice too long. Facing defeat, Brown decided not to fight tamely, placated fellow Democrats in the legislature by agreeing to let his proposal be channeled through the senate judiciary committee, which was sure to block it.

Last week, though, the outcome was

* Since Chessman had previous convictions on his record, Brown could not commute the death sentence to life imprisonment without the approval of the State Supreme Court, and that court has twice, by votes of 10 to 3, turned down clemency appeals by Chessman's lawyers. But if Brown notified the court that he wanted to grant clemency, he would almost certainly get the needed approval.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: A FADING PRACTICE

A Utilitarian Age Looks Hard at the Deterrent Value

NEngland around 1800, more than 200 offenses, including forgery, poaching, cutting down somebody else's tree and associating with gypsies, were punishable by death. Women and children were hanged for petty theft. In 1801, for example, Andrew Brenning, 13, was hanged for breaking into a house and stealing a spoon.

Hangings were attended by huge crowds, and since spectators were preoccupied with watching the gallows, hangings were favorite hunting grounds for pickpockets, even though picking a pocket was a capital offense. If opponents of capital punishment had to sum up their entire case in one tableau, it would be a scene showing a 19th century English pickpocket reaching for the pocket of a spectator at the hanging of a pickpocket.

On the Continent, a movement to restrict capital punishment to serious crimes had been under way for decades, largely under the influence of the Italian reformer Cesare Beccaria, who argued that harsh punishments had a brutalizing effect upon society and thus bred crime instead of deterring it. But to the rulers of England, it seemed that capital punishment, even for offenses now considered petty, was necessary for the preservation of law and order. Cried Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of England, speaking in the House of Lords in 1810 against a bill to abolish the death penalty for shoplifting: "I am certain degradations to an unlimited extent would immediately be committed . . . Repeal this law and see the contrast—no man can trust himself for an hour out of doors without the most alarming apprehensions that, on his return, every vestige of his property will be swept off by the hardened robber." But the tides of history were running against Lord Ellenborough.

Today capital punishment has been abolished over much of Western civilization. In Western Europe, the death penalty survives only in Britain (hanging), the Irish Republic (hanging), France (guillotining) and Spain (garroting), and by the standards of 1800, executions in these countries are exceedingly rare. In Britain, by new (1957) legislation, the death penalty is carried out only for a few varieties of homicide classified as "capital murder" (killing a policeman, multiple murder, etc.).

In the U.S., six states have abolished capital punishment entirely: Wisconsin (1853), Maine (1887), Minnesota (1911), Alaska (pre-statehood), Hawaii (pre-statehood), Delaware (1958). Three others, Michigan, Rhode Island and North Dakota, are usually counted as abolition states, because they retain the death penalty only for one or two rare offenses (treason, murder in prison by a convicted murderer) and never invoke it. Eight other states abolished capital punishment at one time or another but later restored it. Missouri, for example, abolished the death penalty in 1917, reinstated it in 1919 after hoodlums killed two policemen in a gun fight.

Though there are more U.S. capital-punishment states today than at the low point of 1917, capital punishment is waning in practice in the U.S. as it is in Western Europe. During the 1930s, civil executions in the U.S. averaged 167 a year; during the 1950s, the average was down to 72. Last year only 49 civil executions were carried out in the U.S., one more than the alltime low recorded in 1958. Women are virtually exempted from the death penalty: not one was executed in the U.S. in 1958 or 1959, and only 31 have been executed over the past three decades (29 for murder, one for kidnapping, one for treason).

There are six capital crimes under federal law (murder,

rape, bank robbery, kidnapping, treason, espionage) and some 30 under state laws (e.g., aiding a suicide in Arkansas or burning a railway bridge in Georgia), but in practice the death penalty is seldom carried out in the U.S. for offenses other than 1) murder and 2) rape committed by a Negro in the South. Of the 97 men executed in the U.S. in 1958-59 under state laws, 81 were convicted of murder, 15 of rape (14 Negroes, one white, all in Southern states), and one of armed robbery (a Negro, in Texas).

If opponents of capital punishment were patient enough, they could just sit back and wait for it to fade away—in practice, if not on the statute books. But abolitionists try to hasten that fade-away by argument.

The traditional vocabulary of debate about capital punishment is sprinkled with such terms as "sanctity of life" and "retribution," and "moral law" and "natural right," but they have largely disappeared from the debate during the past decade or so. Mainly among clergymen is the capital-punishment issue argued on moral-religious grounds. The Roman Catholic Church defends society's right to take a criminal's life as an act of collective self-defense, and a spokesman of the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod says that "the Bible seems to permit the possibility of capital punishment." Several of the other religious groups in the U.S. have taken stands against capital punishment: the Methodist Church, the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the Protestant Episcopal Church, the American Baptist Convention, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

Among laymen, the arguments tend to be utilitarian. Psychology is nibbling at the fringes of the law to raise the question of whether any murderer can be classified as sane. But most debate turns on the question of whether capital punishment has a deterrent effect on crime. Many defenders of capital punishment tend to agree with James Pike, Protestant Episcopal bishop of California, that "the possibility of deterrence provides the only viable, moral justification" for the death penalty.

In arguing that capital punishment has no deterrent value, its opponents usually appeal to statistics. Often cited is the 1933 report of the British Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, which, after a painstaking statistical study of comparative homicide rates in various countries over the years, concluded that "there is no clear evidence of any influence of the death penalty on the homicide rates." In retorting to the arguments of law-enforcement authorities that the death penalty is needed to keep criminals from killing policemen, abolitionists point to the University of Pennsylvania Criminologist Thorsten Sellin's massive study of fatal attacks on policemen in some 260 Northern U.S. cities. By Sellin's mathematics, the rate of such attacks was slightly higher in death-penalty states than in abolition states.

Against the abolitionists' statistics, defenders of capital punishment appeal to common sense (men fear death; therefore potential murderers must fear the death penalty) and to the opinions of law-enforcement officers (burglars seldom carry guns, and robbers sometimes use unloaded guns, because they do not want to risk killing somebody). Says Los Angeles County Prosecutor Miller Leavy, who argued the state's case against Caryl Chessman back in 1948: "Capital punishment is necessary in our community." In most states of the U.S., it seems, a majority of the legislators agrees with him.

already decided, the committee held a marathon 16-hour hearing to listen to witnesses for and against capital punishment. When the final witness wound up his testimony past midnight, the committee got down to its business, and by a vote of 8 to 7 blackjacketed Brown's proposal (amended at the last minute to call for a 33-year moratorium rather than outright abolition of capital punishment).

The Ninth Life. Brown said he was "deeply sorry" about the outcome. He was "powerless," he said, to take any further action in the Chessman case. "The regular schedule of executions will continue under the constitution and laws of the State of California." Under that schedule Caryl Chessman was notified once again that he would be executed. The date: next May 2.

George Davis, best known of the three lawyers currently working for Caryl Chessman, was still full of plans for trying to save him, including a new appeal based on the claim that Chessman's twelve years under sentence of death constitute "cruel and unusual punishments," in violation of the Eighth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. But Caryl Chessman himself seemed to have little hope for any of the plans. He seemed resigned to playing out his role of martyr to capital punishment. Standing at the barred door of his cell after he got the expected news that the judiciary committee had blocked Brown's proposal, Chessman managed to summon a wry smile. "I have had nine execution dates, and have been spared eight times," he said. "I do not want to be credited with more lives than a cat."

The bitterly anti-Chessman Los Angeles *Times* thought he might well be. "One atrocious but clever criminal called into question our judicial system and brought discredit to our laws," editorialized the *Times*. "Then . . . he intimidated the Governor of California and drove the timorous U.S. State Department to declare him an international issue. And finally, he behold the legislature in a session specially called to change the law so that he could be saved from execution . . . What will happen now? They would not change the law for Chessman, but it would be unwise to give odds that he won't beat it again."

SEQUELS

Hung Jury

The trial of Los Angeles Physician Bernard Finch and his pretty mistress, Carole Tregoff, both accused of murdering Finch's wife, lasted four months (TIME, Feb. 15). Last week, after deliberating for nearly 10 hours, the Finch jury (five men, seven women) signaled a hopeless deadlock. The split: 10-2 for conviction of Bernie Finch on a murder charge, 4-8 for conviction on the charge of conspiracy to murder; for Carole Tregoff, 4-8 for conviction on the charges of both murder and conspiracy to murder. Wearily, District Attorney William McKesson told the defendants to prepare for a new trial. Said Dr. Finch morosely: "I'm disappointed."

OREGON

Dark Victory

A big, loose-limbed man with an inbred love of the outdoors and a mustang liberalism, Oregon's U.S. Senator Richard Lewis Neuberger seemed to embody the brashness and youthful vigor of the Northwest. His precocity and eagerness did not make him popular with his fellow Senators, but two years ago Dick Neuberger fought a brave and desperate battle against cancer that changed their minds—and changed Dick Neuberger. He scoffed at the 1-20 odds his doctors gave him, underwent surgery and won the fight—along with the admiration and sympathy of his colleagues. His struggle left him a humbler, more mature humanitarian. Last week, when he died of a cerebral hemorrhage in a Portland hospital, Dick Neuberger, 47, left no legacy of distinguished legislation, but the

bury his feud. But not for long—within six months he was hacking away at his colleague once more. Dick Neuberger, wearied and mellowed by his fight for life, refused to strike back. Last January Morse announced that he would actively oppose Neuberger if he dared run again.

Despite Morse's threats, Dick Neuberger felt well enough (his doctors concurred) and bold enough to file for re-election, just six days before his sudden death. With all other serious Democratic hopefuls stepping aside, Maurine Neuberger filed last week as a candidate to succeed her husband for a full term in the Senate.

NEW YORK

Getting Trimmed

In the years after the Great Potato Famine, a dozen tight-knit Irish families—the McDououghs, the Sullivans, the Cosgroves, the Flahertys—emigrated to New York, where they did very well for themselves in a unique trade demanding great skill and courage. The menfolk became "grain trimmers," i.e., longshoremen who, using shovels and wooden scoops, level out grain after it is poured or blown into the holds of ships. It is a difficult trade because the grain raises huge clouds of choking dust, and dangerous because the dust has been known to explode. It is also well paid. On the docks of New York, where 105 workers, many of them descendants of the original dozen families, have inherited the trade and control it, a grain trimmer clears up to \$200 a day.

Last week the trimmers figured that this was not quite enough. Demanding a raise, grain trimmers' Local 1268 of the rugged International Longshoremen's Association marched out on an angry strike that stopped all grain exports from the world's biggest port. The shippers answered with a counterdemand: that the trimmers abandon their 30-year-old system of piecework pay, instead accept regular longshoremen's wages of \$3.12 an hour, as they do at all other U.S. ports. The New York trimmers now get \$14 and up for every 1,000 bushels of grain that are loaded—trimmed or not.

Shippers estimate that the penalty of loading grain in New York amounts to about \$2,500 per cargo. Naturally, they have turned to other ports. Because of the high handling charges and unfavorable rail-rate differentials, New York's annual grain shipments slid from some 20 million bushels 30 years ago to 5,000,000 bushels last year—almost all of it U.S. Government business. But even the Government is getting fed up, plans to ship no more grain from New York.

The grain trimmers show no signs of submitting. They argue that business has slumped so much that they can get only a few days work a month, average less than \$4,000 a year in wages, and that they are too old to learn another trade (many of them are already grandfathers). Local 1268 was a prime example of a tough union that had trimmed its employers so long and so hard that it was pricing itself right out of existence.



MAURINE & DICK NEUBERGER
Change within and without.

U.S. Senate knew it had lost a distinguished member.

In his early years Neuberger became, through his many articles and books, a one-man Chamber of Commerce for the Northwest he loved so well. In 1950 he and his pretty wife Maurine became a political as well as a marital team—he as a state senator, she as a representative. In 1952 both Neubergers were re-elected, the only candidates in Oregon to outrun Dwight Eisenhower. Two years later, Dick decided to try for the U.S. Senate and, with a warm assist from Senator Wayne Morse (an erstwhile Republican), Democrat Neuberger won by an eyelash 2,000 votes. In 1956 he returned the favor, campaigning vigorously for Morse (a Democrat by that time).

As a freshman Senator, Neuberger sometimes dared to differ with Wayne Morse. This violated the Morse Code, which decreed that junior partners must be obedient and silent. Inevitably, the Morse-Neuberger team (TIME cover, Jan. 17, 1955) fell apart. After his apparent victory over cancer, Dick Neuberger was hailed on the Senate floor by his colleagues, and even irascible Senator Morse agreed to

The Powell Amendments

Into a Manhattan federal courtroom last week strode the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., 51, pastor of Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church, longtime (eight terms) U.S. Democratic Congressman and alltime prince of New York City's big (1,000,000) Negro community. Handsome and carefully tailored Adam Powell was uncommonly nervous. After many and sundry delays the U.S. had finally haled him before a jury on two-year-old charges of dodging federal income taxes. The indictment charged that Powell, in filing 1951 and 1952 tax returns for himself and his estranged wife, Jazz Pianist Hazel Scott, had defrauded the Government of \$3,032.60 by paying only \$1,690 in taxes on total earnings of \$158,500.

Powell did it by making some deductible deductions, said Chief Assistant U.S. Attorney Morton Robson in his opening address to the jury. Among other things, said Robson, Pastor Powell wrote off

¶ Virtually all his personal expenses: insurance premiums, 40% of his electricity and fuel bills, all telephone bills, theater tickets and department-store purchases including furs and jewelry, pillow cases and pajamas.

¶ Washington-New York railroad transportation expenses of \$2,536 in one eight-month period, which meant that Powell—who bought round-trip tickets at the clergymen's half-price of \$11—would have had to make at least 200 round trips in the year.

¶ A \$500-a-year liquor bill, personal dinners at Manhattan's "21" and Sardi's, the cost of his son's private schooling, the price of two TV sets and two boats at one of his homes in fashionable West-Hampton, L.I.

¶ Living expenses for ten months in Washington during 1951, a year when he spent four months out of the country.

¶ \$237 for clerical garb, though he actually spent only \$2,37—for button-in-the-back collars.

Despite the gravity of the charges, Powell's flock remained true. A dozen Negro ministers, dressed in clerical garb, were among the 150 Harlem supporters who hovered outside the packed courtroom. Some prayed in the hallways. They had reason: if convicted, Congressman Powell could draw a \$10,000 fine and five years in prison on each of three counts.

Last week Powell was also accused, by New York's Liquor Salesmen's Union, of warning the owners of Harlem liquor stores that they would be picketed unless they started buying from Negro instead of white salesmen. The union charged that he had advised the stores in a letter: "I have set April 1 as a firm deadline for action should it be deemed necessary." One storekeeper said the letter came to him under Powell's congressional frank.

THE SOUTH Youth Will Be Served

As the Negro congregation streamed 800 strong from Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery one day last week and marched toward Alabama's Capitol, 5,000 whites waited in the street. A race riot was inches away. Seething in the crowd was anger built up in the past fortnight by a Negro sit-in at a segregated lunch counter and a protest march and prayer meeting at the Capitol. Four hundred city, county and state police quickly moved between marchers and whites, dispersed them by threatening to turn on fire hoses. Violence was averted—for the moment. From tense and angry Montgomery, a deeply troubled city in the very heart of the deeply troubled South, TIME Correspondent Spencer Davidson last week reported the brand-new look of the passive resistance movement spearheaded by Negro youth in 48 cities in eleven Southern states.

The young Negro, particularly the young college Negro, is now leading the battle for equal rights. And unless he is tossed into jail and onto a road gang, he is going to lead the battle for a long time to come. There are many reasons. For one, the times are in his favor; the Administration is battling for his rights (and his vote) energetically and he knows it. But he intends to do something about it himself, and he can because he has some important new qualifications. Among them

Lack of Fear. "Today's young Negro is a far cry from his grandfather and father," says a white resident of Montgomery born in New York and educated in the South. "The older Negro people in the South were brought up in rural areas, lived there all their lives and soon learned that the white man had absolute control over them. They were afraid to do anything. Today's students have never had a chance to learn that fear. They have been raised in bigger towns and cities, have traveled more, have had more con-



Associated Press

MONTGOMERY PICKET LINE
Change spearheaded by youth.

tact with the world. They aren't afraid any more."

Independence. The college Negro is generally away from home, safe from a situation in which retribution for his sins would be visited on his family. He has economic freedom. "Adults," say a Montgomery Negro leader, "have a debt on their house. They need their paycheck. It isn't easy for them to agitate for freedom. But it is for these college boys and girls."

Education. Says Bernard Lee, 24, one of nine Negro students expelled from Montgomery's Alabama State College for Negroes for participating in a sit-in (37 of his classmates were arrested for picketing in protest): "My grandfather had only prayer to help him, I have prayer and education. We have been educated until we cannot adjust to the Southern way of life. We have to move, to work with the white man until we become not a minority but a part of the whole." Adds Leon Rice, another expelled student: "Perhaps we deserve more than our parents did because we have been more educated. As soon as they serve us, and we've finished eating, then we'll go across the street and start on the public library."

As in Georgia, Mississippi and Virginia, which hastily passed harsh anti-trespassing laws after the outbreak of sit-ins, Alabama's response to new Negro tactics ultimately comes to heavy-handed justice and last-resort fire hoses. If Negroes should launch an economic boycott of downtown stores along the lines of their successful boycott of segregated buses four years ago, Montgomery's whites would hit back hard. Yet, short of closing every Negro college, the South cannot crush the challenge posed by young Negro college men and women. The old answers will not silence the new spokesmen.



DEFENDANT ADAM POWELL
Changed figures for a \$237 dollar.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE NATIONS

Paris Must Wait

France had braced itself for 14 days with Nikita Khrushchev. French Communists plastered the Paris Red Belt with pamphlets calling upon the faithful to give Nikita "an unforgettable welcome worthy of the traditions of the Parisian working class." France's Catholic bishops forbade clergymen to greet Khrushchev in their churches, urged laymen to recite the prayer *Pro Pace* (For Peace)

something might well require his presence in the Kremlin to help resolve.

The other possibility was that his sickness was genuine, but more than the flu. After all, the Kremlin has not yet matched the White House's reputation for providing explicit credentials, down to blood pressure charts, on its head man's illnesses. Khrushchev had just spent two weeks in the tropical heat of Indonesia, where he had shown clear signs of weariness, and then had returned to wintry Moscow. But San Francisco's Mayor

homes in France between 5 and 6 one morning fortnight ago turned out to be those of French policemen. Once inside, the cops informed their victims—refugees from a score of nations—that they had 20 minutes to dress and pack for an enforced trip to Corsica. At the request of Soviet officials, the French government had decided to clear Metropolitan France of "potential assassins" before Nikita Khrushchev arrived in Paris. And presumably they would now have to wait out Khrushchev's postponement as well.

By far the greatest number were aging Eastern European propagandists and journalists, who hardly seemed threats to anyone.* In Corsica, touted by French tourist agents as "the Isle of Beauty," the involuntary vacationers found themselves ensconced in resort hotels opened by police order, a month before the normal tourist season. In their dark suits and berets, playing cards, smoking, engaging in the familiar polemic dialogues of expatriates, they transformed a cheerful, terraced Mediterranean café into the atmosphere of a coffeehouse in Bucharest. The internees' expenses were paid by the government; much of the time the weather was warm enough for swimming; and in Porto, one fatherly gendarme captain even saw to it that a group of interned students kept up with their homework. But none of this could ease the bitterness of men and women who had been labeled "dangerous anti-Communists" and yanked away from their families without apparent rhyme or reason. One, shaken by the experience, died shortly after reaching Corsica.

The Logic of Wonderland. In Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris, police had ignored released Soviet Engineer Taras Hryciuk, instead hauled off his daughter Tamara, whose crime seemingly consisted of being president of the Ukrainian Students' Association in Paris. Father Dragoun, rector of the Croatian Catholic Mission in Paris, was sure that his offense had been officiated at a memorial mass for the late Cardinal Stepinac.

A kind of Alice-in-Wonderland logic was visible in the arrest of scores of teen-age Hungarians—many of whom had left Hungary as children, had no politics now, and added gaiety to the exile gathering by singing songs and dancing the czardas. But no brand of logic served to explain the internment of a clutch of former Spanish Loyalists for whom the only important enemy remains Generalissimo Franco. "I am absolutely not interested in Khrushchev," spat one of the Spaniards, a remark that could equally well have been made by the three interned Nationalist Chinese consular employees or the former Royal Albanian Army officer turned house painter. Among



SAN FRANCISCO'S MAYOR CHRISTOPHER & KHRUSHCHEV IN MOSCOW LAST WEEK
It might even be more than the flu.

in his presence. De Gaulle prepared himself by watching movies of Khrushchev's U.S. tour and huddling with Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who had flown over to give the general a few British attitudes to keep in mind.

At week's end came the deflating word from Moscow: Nikita was "immobilized by an attack of gripe and would not be in condition to be in Paris the 15th of March.

Polytely, Moscow suggested that the visit be rescheduled as soon as possible after the "seven or ten days" that it would take Nikita to shake off the virus. No less politely, De Gaulle sent along "his sincere wishes" for Khrushchev's prompt recovery.

Of course, nobody was content to leave it at that, in a world that speaks of diplomatic illnesses and remembers Khrushchev's phony toothache during Macmillan's Russian trip. If Nikita was not really sick, no known external situation seemed to require him to postpone his French trip, and the explanation had to lie in an internal crisis, or trouble provoked by his Chinese partners. He had been gadding about so much lately that

George Christopher, who carried on an eight-hour conversational joust with the 65-year-old Khrushchev at the Kremlin last week, came away saying that Khrushchev "looked as if he would like to go on for another eight hours."

If and when Khrushchev's French trip was laid on again, it would undoubtedly be more modest—fewer towns, fewer banquets. In fact Khrushchev had already sent word that in France he intended to confine himself to two courses and two wines per meal. The trip might also have to be shorter, for everybody's international tourist calendar is already jammed up: De Gaulle himself is scheduled to visit the Queen in London in three weeks, and Canada and the U.S. next month. Home is almost the last place to find a head of state these days.

FRANCE On the Isle of Beauty

"Democracy," runs a European saying, "is when there's a knock at the door at 2 in the morning and it turns out to be the milkman." But the lists that hammered at the doors of nearly a thousand

* A few others considered "more dangerous" were sent to a pair of small islands off France's northwest coast.

the Spaniards was famed peasant General Gonzales, known as "El Campesino," who, after quarreling with his Communist comrades of the Spanish Civil War was imprisoned in the notorious Vorkuta Arctic Circle prison camp, from which he later escaped. Said he angrily: "We who are here are the true friends of France. It is Khrushchev who is the enemy of France."

Whose List? At week's end in Corsica's bistros, octogenarian Russian political theorists, pedantic Czech professors and plump, Ukrainian-born French businessmen were still wondering just why the cops had singled them out. Most were convinced that the French had operated from a list of names supplied by the Soviet secret police, and one said bitterly:

This is the kind of courtesy that only a dictator can offer to another dictator. Because of the high percentage of ministers and former ministers of exiled Eastern European governments among the internees, the consensus was that the Russians had used the Khrushchev visit as an excuse to deliver a blow to the last genuinely passionate opposition to the status quo in Eastern Europe—the vocally anti-Communist Assembly of Captive European Nations.

For less politically minded exiles, many of whom worked in trades dominated by Communist unions, there was the danger that there would be no jobs waiting when they got back from Corsica. For others, long residents of France, there was the fear that the new entry, "Expellee," on their identity cards might end all hope of ever acquiring French citizenship. Reflected one Yugoslav internee who had been living in Britain when Marshal Tito visited there: "The British simply got all us Yugoslavs together and told us they didn't want any trouble from us. There was no trouble. That is the civilized way to do things."

DIPLOMACY The Friendly Invaders

In a novel form of combined assault the U.S. last week was invaded by two tough, elderly statesmen—one Jewish, the other German. Despite the historic tragedy that divides their peoples, Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion, 73, and West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, 84, had a common, nervous objective: to seek assurances that the U.S. would not bicker away their nations' interests in any settlement at the summit.

Ben-Gurion, an Old Testament character with delta-wing hair, had maneuvered an honorary college degree invitation into a White House visit. Ben-Gurion's problems were epitomized by the parade of ten Arab envoys who the day before his arrival showed up together at the State Department to protest his visit as part of an Israeli plot "to alienate and estrange the American people from the Arab people." As the Israelis see it, this kind of Arab pressure is an increasing threat to Israel. The Arab boycott of Western firms that deal with Israel is becoming more effective, and Egypt's Nasser still bars Israeli shipping from the Suez Canal in defiance of the U.N. Nonetheless, complain the Israelis, the West continues to vie with Russia in courting Nasser: in recent weeks the U.S.-dominated World Bank has promised Nasser \$76 million to improve the canal, while Russia has furnished the U.A.R. with another batch of MIGs.

The Web. Ben-Gurion would like to get lonely Israel into some kind of Western alliance, or at least some kind of U.S. guarantee of Israel security. He was only reassured that the U.S. considers still valid the 1950 Tripartite Declaration (U.S., British and French) guaranteeing both Israeli and Arab borders. That declaration became a nothing during the Suez invasion of 1956.



ISRAEL'S BEN-GURION
That objective was common.

Far more concerned than Ben-Gurion whom he plans to meet for the first time in New York this week—Konrad Adenauer arrived in the U.S. fearful that he and his nation might become victims of a monstrous web of coincidental misfortune. For months Nikita Khrushchev and his satraps have maintained a steady drumfire of abuse designed to revive the distrust of Germany latent in most Western Europeans. Aided by a sudden rash of anti-Semitic incidents in West Germany and by Bonn's heavy-handed attempt to acquire military bases in fascist Spain (TIME March 7), the Russians have succeeded far better than they had any right to hope.

To Adenauer, this slippage in West Germany's international moral position seemed just one more evidence of something he has long suspected: that the U.S. and Britain still did not regard West Germany as a full partner in the Atlantic alliance and were preparing to make a deal with Russia over Berlin at Germany's expense.

Just Like Africans. What confidence Adenauer had in U.S. intentions was further shaken last week when President Eisenhower decided that there was no "operational necessity" for high-altitude allied plane flights into West Berlin. Ike's decision, which reversed a fortnight of Pentagon-inspired talk that the U.S. planned to resume such flights, seemed to Adenauer all too likely to convince Moscow that the U.S. was softening in the face of Soviet threats. But he could take some pleasure in the U.S.-British decision last week to restrict the movements of Soviet military missions in West Germany to the immediate area of their headquarters—a step taken in retaliation for the Soviet issuance of new travel passes to allied military missions in East Germany accrediting them to the "German Democratic Republic," which the West refuses to recognize.

Through aides, Adenauer made it quite plain what he intended to say to Eisenhower this week. He wanted reassurance that the U.S. has no intention of giving up its World War II occupation rights



ANTI-COMMUNIST INTERNEES PLAYING CARDS IN CORSIKA
That knock was no milkman.

in Berlin. He proposed that the first part of the summit meeting be devoted to disarmament, thereby automatically reducing Berlin to the status of a secondary issue. And at every opportunity Adenauer will remind U.S. policymakers that "Germans, as well as Africans, have a right to self-determination"—which is his way of threatening that West Germany will not accept any summit agreement that seriously weakens its control of West Berlin.

GREAT BRITAIN

"Mother to Dozens"

At 33, fresh-faced Mabel Anderson is still unmarried, but by custom she is always to be addressed as "Mrs." in her job at Buckingham Palace. The daughter of a Liverpool policeman who was killed in the blitz, she first appeared on the national scene when Prince Charles was in need of an assistant nurse. She turned out to be the only applicant who was "not shaking with nerves." This week Mrs. Anderson officially rises another notch—as fulltime "nanny" to the still-unnamed prince born to Queen Elizabeth II a month ago.

It is her job each morning to inform Her Majesty by direct phone just when the little prince will be ready for his bath. Mabel Anderson, who went to work at 14, never took a course in child psychology in her life, and since the Queen and Prince Philip will be able to spend no more than an hour or two in the nursery each day, she bears a heavy responsibility. But over the centuries, England has come to expect that its nannies will measure up.

My Confidante. This vast legion of starched and unruffled ladies, of whom Sir Alan Herbert once wrote, "Other people's babies, that's my life. Mother to dozens and nobody's wife," is a British institution; and historians are inclined to wonder whether the Empire would have been possible without them. "My nurse was my confidante," wrote Sir Winston Churchill; though he loved his mother "dearly," he did so only "at a distance." In Victorian and Edwardian days, the nanny's career tended to follow a pattern. She was usually the promising "girl from the village," who was taken in as a young "tweenie" and slowly made her way to that precarious rank that hovered between those who were servants and those who were "quality." In time, she succeeded to the reigning nanny. From that moment on, her life had had only one purpose.

Night after night she would eat her supper on a tray, alone by the fire. But once the children were up next morning, the loneliness vanished. No boy could ever be more splendid than her "young gentleman," and no girl more dainty than her "young lady." Her children did not bite nails, climb trees or throw naughty tantrums. If they did, there could be a paddy whack on the "sit-upon." But when sickness fell, it was nanny who sat by the bedside all night. In 1946, when the famed Alab died after being nanny to the Queen Mother, the Queen and Princess Margaret, she was placed in a grave alongside that of the Queen Mother's own brother.

The Way. Like sturdy tweed and good Scotch, the nanny has been exported to the whole world. From Brighton and Cheltenham and Tunbridge Wells she has gone forth in her sensible shoes to teach the English way to King Hussein, ex-King Farouk, Prince Rainier, and the daughter of the King of Denmark. So ubiquitous was her kind, in fact, that former French Premier Georges Bidault once bitterly complained: "Too many important Frenchmen have been given an inferiority complex for life by being brought up by English nannies."

But foreign commotions rarely bother them (though foreign milk is rarely safe). Nannies just order revolutionary mobs round to the tradesmen's entrance. "As far as possible," reported Anne Cherm-



TOP NANNY ANDERSON
Hand-down on the sit-upon.

side, who was nanny to the infant Prince Fuad when the Egyptian revolution broke out in 1952. "I tried to see that he was oblivious of the drama and danger which surrounded him. Through everything, I saw that Fuad was brought up simply—always on English lines."

Most Wanted. But more and more, as the oldtime nannies dwindle, the mothers of England have had to take over. In Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, the nannies shudder at the modern English child, dressed not in flaring coat and velvet collar, but in jeans and sweaters. The harassed mothers are apt to shudder, too, and each day brings more plaintive pleas in the newspapers: "Kindly, reliable nanny wanted." In such cases, the "titied lady" who advertises has the advantage. And no one who omits the crucial words "Other help kept," or "Own room, own bathroom, own TV, top wages, good outings," stands a chance. Today, says the head of one employment agency, "nannies are the most sought-after women in England"—and after centuries of service, they apparently know it.

BULGARIA

Resuming Relations

Of all the East European satellites, Bulgaria turns most slavishly around the big Red Moscow star. When Stalin ordered a purge of Titoists in the '40s, Bulgaria's Communists obediently hanged one of their number. Deputy Premier Traicho Kostov, after a show trial at which witnesses asserted he was a traitor who served not only Tito but U.S. Minister Donald Heath. In outrage, Washington broke off relations with Bulgaria.

After Khrushchev denounced Stalin, and one day's official version became the next day's lies, the sycophants of Sofia confessed that the charges against Kostov had been "invented and contrary to the truth"—and wasn't it too bad he was already dead? Bulgaria also proclaimed itself as keen as Khrushchev in its desire to coexist peacefully with the U.S. The U.S. replied coldly that, before patching up relations, Bulgaria would also have to take back its lies about Minister Heath (now U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia).

Shortly before Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. last year, Bulgaria's Ambassador to the U.N. signed a vaguely worded communiqué in Washington that the U.S. accepted as sufficient apology. A new Bulgarian minister took up his post in Washington praising "the spirit of Camp David," and last week, after a ten-year lapse, U.S. Minister Edward Page Jr., 54, arrived in Sofia to reopen the U.S. mission.

With the resumption of diplomatic ties with Bulgaria, Hungary becomes the only Eastern European country for which U.S. tourist passports are still marked "not valid" for travel. Bulgaria's capital of Sofia (pop. 700,000) is a pleasant city of broad avenues and parks, and has an Intourist-style hotel as garishly new, as poorly heated as Moscow's latest. Bulgaria itself remains Europe's second most backward nation (after Albania). Its farms are 95% collectivized, and outside observers concede that it is perhaps the one satellite nation where many peasants feel, if not happy, at least better off than before the Reds took over.

MIDDLE EAST

Just Like Algeria

Last fall, after Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein had seemingly patched up their quarrel and agreed to resume diplomatic relations, all went well until the United Arab Republic assigned a new man to head its consulate in Arab Jerusalem. His credentials, as if calculated to give offense, defined the post as in "the area west of the Jordan River which is occupied at present by the forces of The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan." It has been part of Jordan for ten years.

Hussein's response to this diplomatic slight was to send the consul packing. Nasser's next move was to propose that the Arabs re-create an entity called Palestine, with its own army. What is left to the Arabs of what used to be Palestine, except for the Gaza Strip wedge that

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Campbell's freezing brings you an authentic cream of potato soup for only about 12¢ a bowl



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this might cost \$1 or more . . . and be well worth it. But Campbell's Cream of Potato Soup costs you only about 12¢ a bowl. Try some today . . . look in your grocer's freezer for the red and white can.



Gourmet Sauce. In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup and 1 soup can water or milk; heat until smooth. Add 1 cup diced ham, 1 cup diced onion, 1 cup finely chopped parsley, 1/2 cup diced green pepper, 1/2 cup diced celery, 1/2 cup diced carrots. Serve over broiled fish, broccoli, etc. Makes about 2 1/2 cups sauce.



Crème Vichyssoise. In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup and 1 soup can water or milk; heat until smooth. Add 1/2 cup cream cheese; beat until smooth with an electric blender or rotary beater. Chill at least 4 hours. Thin with cold milk if desired. Serve in chilled bowls. Makes 3 1/2 cups. For garnish, stir in 1/2 cup sour cream after heating.



Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Potato • Cream of Shrimp
Clam Chowder (New England Style)
Green Pea with Ham • Oyster Stew

CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN by *Campbell's*

Nasser controls, has been absorbed into Jordan, adding an educated and restless population to what used to be a desert kingdom.

After a three-year spell of comparative quiescence, Nasser plainly wanted to follow an aggressively Arab-nationalist line in the Middle East. To do this, he was quite prepared to hot things up against Jordan and to make life miserable for Jordan's Premier Hazzah Majali, 40, a sophisticated moderate who, before taking the premiership last spring, privately approached Nasser to assure himself of Cairo's benevolence. Now Majali found himself thunderously denounced by "Voice of the Arabs" as "a notorious old imperialist stooge." Not yet attacking King Hussein by name, Nasser himself charged last week in a Syrian speech that "the American rulers have yielded themselves to American and British-imperialism to work against the Arab nation."

Nasser's ambitions are becoming clearer. Surrounding Israel on two sides, he would like to close the circle by creating a sort of provisional Palestine regime in the area now part of Jordan. The Palestine refugee movement, if noisy, has been ineffectual since the Arabs were beaten by Israel in 1948. Nasser wants to purge it of discredited oldtimers and replace them with a group of young militants who would stir up trouble as the rebel F.L.N. leaders do for Algeria. They would be backed by Cairo and run from Cairo. King Hussein was thus in for another showdown with Nasser. At such times he usually sends for his old troubleshooter, hard-nosed Samir Rifai, to take over as Premier. All Jordan was waiting for the luckless Premier Majali to step down.

THE ARABS

The Chaste Kiss

"It is made lawful for you," says the Koran, "to go in unto your wives on the night of the fast [and] hold intercourse with them and eat and drink until the white thread becomes distinct to you from the black thread of the dawn." But all through the long daylight hours of Ramadan, the holy month in which the Koran was revealed to Mohammed, good Moslems must abstain from food and sex according to the most rigorous rules. Strict devotion to Ramadan lays a heavy burden on modern urban living: people became irritable and ineffectual on the job. Tunisia's up-to-date President Habib Bourguiba recently clamped down on the all-night nightclubs where celebrants make up for daylight denials, and boldly persuaded considerable numbers of his urban coreligionists to break their Ramadan fast this year and get on with their normal daily work (TIME, Feb. 22). Last week Cairo's Sheik Hassan Mamoun, mufti of the United Arab Republic's southern region, handed down new interpretations that relaxed a few of the rigors of Egypt's observance during Ramadan, which this year ends March 27.

The mufti is a personage who draws cabinet minister's pay and ranks in the Egyptian scheme of things right after the commander in chief of Egypt's armed forces. Answering citizens' questions about what things may be done without breaking the fast, the mufti announced that Moslems may kiss their wives during the fasting hours, even on the lips, so long as the kiss is only "friendly" and does not "excite sexual desire." The mufti also ruled that the traditional full Arab habit has nothing to do with fasting, that it is all right for women to wear sleeveless dresses in offices during fasting hours. There would also be no objection to using lipstick, unless the ingredients of the lipstick were dissolved and "entered the belly." Finally, a Moslem may brush his teeth while fasting—so long as he does not swallow the toothpaste.



BELGIAN CONGO

Covetous Glances

To the shocked Belgians, it seemed a bitter reward for their promise of freedom next June 30 to the rich Congo colony. No sooner had the painful independence pact been completed than the Congo's neighbors—Belgium's old friends—began making mysterious moves that seemed aimed at carving up the territory for their own benefit. First, France, which still controls much of the region along the Congo's northwestern border, began glancing covetously at the Lower Congo, the narrowing western edge around Léopoldville, which is the Congo's only outlet to the sea. Then, 1,500 miles inland, the British-controlled Rhodesian Federation was talking of annexing the Congo's Katanga province, which produces 60% of Congo wealth from a mineral-rich (copper, cobalt, diamonds, uranium) strip lying

directly to the north of the Rhodesias.

Flushed and angry, Belgium's Foreign Minister Pierre Wigny rose in Brussels' Parliament chamber with a sharp official reply. France, he explained, had pulled out an almost forgotten agreement dating back to 1884, when the race for territory in Africa was hot, claiming it still had a "right of preference" on the Congo if Belgium should ever decide to dispose of territory in it. This, said Wigny indignantly, might have applied in the 19th century, "but today territories and their inhabitants are no longer goods that can be the object of international trade."

In Paris, French officials sought to mollify the protesting Belgian ambassador: they were just pointing out the old agreement, not making something of it. But the Belgians were not easily reassured, for their Lower Congo is controlled by fire-breathing Congolese politician Joseph Kasavubu, who for weeks has been demanding just what the French seem to want—that the region be allowed to stay out of an independent Congo and form a separate state, perhaps in league with the adjoining French-influenced Congo Republic. Kasavubu recently moved his family from Léopoldville across the river to Brazzaville, in old French territory, presumably to be closer to his old crony Aïche Fulbert Youlou, Premier of the French Congo Republic.

And then there was a pesky intrusion from Sir Roy Welensky, burly Prime Minister of the Rhodesian Federation, who gave an interview with a visiting London *Daily Express* reporter and chortled, "There's going to be hell because I told you this." Welensky's "this": he had been getting letters from the Katanga region, wanting to link up with Rhodesia "when the Congo gains its independence." Who sent the letters? Sir Roy would not say. Obviously not Katanga's Africans, who are 98% of the population, and want no new white masters. A likelier bet would be that the big Rhodesian and British mining interests, which own substantial shares in Katanga's rich Union Minière du Haut-Katanga mining group, and perhaps Belgian industrialists themselves, were behind it all. Welensky talks of fearing a blood bath and "rampant tribalism" on his northern frontier, would welcome a buffer state against African nationalism. But Welensky's tactless remarks offend many Rhodesians. "Unwarrantable interference in the internal affairs of another country," said Belgium, which hopes it can keep the colony together long enough to give it its independence.

SOUTH AFRICA

Left in the Lurch

Neither Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd nor any member of his Cabinet has ever set foot in the Negro-ruled new states of Africa, but this does not prevent South Africa's confident Prime Minister from speaking for the millions who populate them. "The mass of Africans do not want independence," he assured his Parliament last



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week. "They are just being used by a few small groups [of Africans] who are really considering their own interests."

In the same building six weeks before, Britain's Harold Macmillan had warned of the "wind of change" sweeping the continent and of Britain's sympathies with nationalist aims. To Verwoerd, who edited a pro-Nazi newspaper during World War II and might have been expected to choose his historical comparisons more carefully, Macmillan's attitude smacked of Munich-like appeasement. "The West is abdicating in Africa and leaving the white man in the lurch," he complained. "It is robbing the black masses of training and all the advantages the white man brought to this dark continent. Africa will return to heathenism and the strengthening of Mohammedanism." If inexperienced African leaders of new countries flood the United Nations, Verwoerd added, the West will have to withdraw from the organization.

South Africa, said Verwoerd, will welcome whites who flee from lands that come under African rule, "because they . . . are the best immigrants," but his country would never surrender to the black tide. *Apartheid* was the only way Verwoerd saw, and he begged the opposition United Party to rally behind his policies *in toto*. He was to be disappointed in this, but could claim another victory of sorts last week. The South African government's Bantu Education department ruled that its officials no longer may shake hands with Africans they meet on official business. To get around any awkward encounters, they should employ "traditional" greetings to blacks—say, a hand raised in salute or, when squatting in tribal parlors, the clapping of hands.

INDIA

Americans Wanted

For a long time after India got its freedom, Socialist Jawaharlal Nehru regarded foreign investors with the narrow-eyed suspicion of a spinster convinced that friendly attentions from any man probably conceal evil designs. So U.S. investors passed India by. After all, there were plenty of other places for them to invest their money—places where markets were more developed and officialdom far less mistrustful. General Motors even closed down its automotive assembly plant in Bombay.

Two years ago, seeing its second five-year plan in deep trouble, and lacking foreign exchange, India sent high government officials and Indian businessmen to the U.S. to seek more dollars and also to sound out what was wrong, from the U.S. point of view, with investing in India. The Indian emissaries got plenty of straight-from-the-shoulder advice in Washington and New York.

When they got home, they made many policy changes. No longer in any new venture must Indians hold majority stock control. No longer are such fields as petroleum and synthetic rubber to be dominated by the "public sector," i.e., state-

owned. American investors have been guaranteed dollar compensation if the Indian government should decide to expropriate a business. A new flock of tax incentives has been introduced, including a virtual tax holiday on profits during the first five years.

Progress & Freedom. Indian intellectuals were for a long time acutely sensitive to the dangers of economic colonialism. But some among them took another look at the way the young U.S. had developed after winning its freedom. After all, it took big injections of British and European capital during the 19th century to build the railroads that spanned the North American continent. But this foreign capital in no way diminished U.S. independence. And it was attracted to the U.S. in part by the assurance that lawful debts would be repaid and property would

more than Britain, and has now invested \$260 million, seven times the level of 1950. Nehru's Cabinet is debating whether to ask Lockheed to manufacture commercial aircraft in India. Merck, Sharpe & Dohme and Bombay's Tata Sons are putting up an \$8,000,000 pharmaceutical plant; Schenectady's Alco Products Inc. is making a deal with Indians to manufacture diesels for India's railroads. Barefoot villagers now use Eveready flashlights turned out at the rate of 4,000,000 a year by Union Carbide's Lucknow plant. General Motors is talking about coming back in.

On the record, India remains committed just as stoutly as ever to socialism, and Nehru likes to deliver chats on the moral superiority of state enterprises. But even in Nehru's Cabinet, exegetes are already reinterpreting the sacred texts of



WORK BREAK AT EVEREADY PLANT IN LUCKNOW
More useful than sympathy, more enduring than handouts.

not be seized. In the same way, India could keep its independence.

By last week, India's change of attitude was beginning to pay off. Americans were all over the place. After getting over their first horror at poverty and squalor, many enthused over the opportunities, and over a spirit of cooperation in the government that they had not anticipated. In Uttar Pradesh, Kaiser Aluminum and India's Tycoon G. D. Birla were about to break ground for a new \$42 million plant that will more than double India's present 18,000-ton aluminum capacity. South of New Delhi, Goodyear was putting in a \$12 million tire factory; Firestone and an Indian partner plan another at Bareilly in North India. Nehru himself recently laid a cornerstone in Kerala for a tire plant owned in part by the Dayton Rubber Co.

Flashlights & Diesels. About 80% of all foreign investments are still British, but in new money the U.S. is pouring in

socialism. Finance Minister Morarji Desai, for example, recently described India's "pragmatic socialism" as no more than a determination to "seek the happiness of the people, make all the people strong, and see that they have equal opportunities." Regulation and control, added Desai, must not "hamper the development of the country or production. Production alone brings prosperity. We do not want to redistribute poverty."

The American businessmen talk in terms of production too, not the language of the cold war, or winning India for the West. But they also believe that American capital will be more useful to India than sympathy and more enduring than handouts.

Drawbacks & Prospects. Some American businessmen have reservations. They complain that it often takes three Indians to do one American's work, and that custom and caste deprive many Indians of ambition. They find that an enervating

climate and a low standard of living result in much employee sickness. There are too many holidays, and labor unions are often irritating. Worst of all, the *babu* (clerk) mentality, developed by generations of bureaucracy, drives Americans mad. One U.S. corporation decided not to invest in India because New Delhi would not license it to import components and no Indian company could supply them. But other American experts swear by the natural ability of Indians, given good training.

In the vast potential Indian market of 400 million consumers, those who can afford to buy are now a mere drop, but still an impressive number. "There's going to be an enormous economic explosion in India," says Arthur Watson of IBM. "You can listen to all the experts, but you don't really see how big it is until you come out here."

SOUTH KOREA

How to Get Out the Vote

Three hundred high school students marched through the walled city of Suwon last week on their way to attend a Democratic Party political meeting. A swarm of black-uniformed police broke up the parades. One of those knocked to the ground was a 17-year-old boy. When he was pulled to his feet by a white-gloved cop, blood ran down the boy's temple and he was crying.

The policeman lectured him: "You know you are free to attend Vice President Chang's meeting, don't you? You know we police won't try to prevent you?" The sobbing boy bowed low, and the officer continued: "But you insist on marching along shouting 'We want our freedom!' You know that represents a political demonstration against the government, don't you?" Bowing repeatedly, the student tried to beg forgiveness, but the cop interrupted him: "Now, we will not allow you to attend the meeting. On account of your bad behavior you must come with us instead."

Terrified, the boy flung himself at the feet of a plainclothesman who had been grinning throughout the interrogation. "Don't let them!" cried the groveling boy. The plainclothesman watched laughing as the boy was put aboard a police truck.

High on a Hill. South Korea was getting set for this week's national election. The race for the presidency will be a fourth-term walkover for venerable President Syngman Rhee, 84. Death last month for the second time removed his only opponent (TIME, Feb. 26). For Vice President, Rhee and his Liberal Party nominated Lee Ki Poong, 63, an ailing automaton so unpopular that he has not campaigned at all. Four years ago Lee Ki Poong lost by more than 200,000 votes to the Democratic candidate, Roman Catholic John Chang, 60.

In an open and honest election, Chang might well win again. But the police and Rhee's administration have resources of

their own. Chang found himself unable to hire public halls or athletic fields, and bus and taxi service was mysteriously "suspended" whenever Democrats tried to hold meetings. At Suwon, Chang had to hold his rally on a high, bare hilltop while white police Jeeps filled with black-uniformed cops circled the hill and held attendance down to 3,000.

At the southern port city of Yosu, the Democratic Party treasurer was beaten to death with iron bars. In Kwangju, a young Catholic leader was stabbed to death by the local chief of Rhee's green-shirted "Anti-Communist Youth League."

Leader of Three. But an even more impressive assurance of proper voting is something called "cell voting." Rhee's Liberal Party has printed 60 million



PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE
Freedom is freedom is freedom.

"training sheets" that are identical with the ballots which will be used this week. In rehearsals, teams of nine voters carefully practice marking the training sheets for Candidates Rhee and Lee Ki Poong. Come election day the nine-man teams will be subdivided into groups of three who will enter the polling place together, with their "leader" in the middle so that he can observe how the other two vote. This system was successful in a by-election last fall where the Democratic candidate's vote was cut from 17,000 to 200.

At week's end, amazed that the election rigging was being "misunderstood" in Korea and abroad, President Rhee and Lee Ki Poong urged the Liberal Party to "strive for clean elections" and to end the "practice voting with model ballot sheets." As an added inducement, the Home Ministry promised that on election day each polling place will be surrounded by the tough, pro-Syngman Rhee South Korean police "to guard against possible terrorism."

INDONESIA

The Vagrant MIG

A flight of four MIG jet fighter planes, with the red and white markings of the Indonesian air force, flashed over the capital city of Djakarta one day last week. Suddenly, one of the MIGs broke formation and, with spitting guns, dived on Merdeka palace, residence of President Sukarno. Bullets smashed through the roof, and chandeliers exploded into glass splinters. A man whitewashing an outside wall was hit in the shoulder; a sentry fell, wounded in the thigh; two passers-by were hit in the legs.

Personable President Sukarno was presiding at a meeting of his Supreme Advisory Council, only a few hundred feet from the palace. When the firing ceased, Sukarno paused only to grab a long-handled black umbrella and then raced across the palace lawn, was relieved to find that his seven children had not yet come home from school.

Missing Again. The vagrant MIG flew on to the nearby port city of Tandjungpriok, opened fire at the huge gas tank of the Stavac Oil Co., missed the tank but wounded 14 people. Next, the plane swept over Bogor, 30 miles from Djakarta, made a strafing run at Sukarno's massive Bogor palace, and missed again. With its fuel exhausted, the MIG made a bellylanding in a West Java rice field. As the pilot, Lieut. Daniel Mauker, 30, looking dazed and shaken, stumbled from his Russian-made plane, he was seized.

Air Marshal Suryadarma rushed to Merdeka palace and tried desperately to explain what had happened. He had much explaining to do, for it developed that trigger-happy Lieut. Mauker comes from revolt-ridden North Celebes, and has been on the police blacklists for some time (his brother was under arrest there for suspected dealings with the anti-Communist rebels). Government officials gulped even more uncomfortably on learning that Mauker had been one of the Indonesian pilots to fly escort for Nikita Khrushchev when the Soviet leader came to visit Sukarno last month.

Off on a Trip. Outsiders can seldom make sense of Indonesian politics, but last week Indonesians as well as outsiders were in confusion. Why, they asked, did the three pilots flying with Mauker not try to shoot him down? Was Lieut. Mauker sane and a conspirator, or was he out of his mind? Sukarno appeared to take the assassination attempt in stride, just as he had the last one in 1957, when five grenades were hurled at him, killing ten bystanders but leaving the President unscathed.

Only four days before Mauker's strafing, Sukarno had suspended the 255-man Indonesian Parliament, thus removing the nation's last vestige of constitutional democracy. Through his tame Supreme Advisory Council, Sukarno ordered sweeping land-reform measures, directly threatening the vast plantations producing rubber, palm oil, tobacco, tea, sugar and coffee, that

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Second Day Progressive bridge, paddle tennis, trapshooting, motion pictures. Dancing, Bingo, Hawaiian entertainment, regular late evening buffet.

Third Day Progressive canasta, ping pong, gymkhana (novelty athletics). Captain's champagne party and dinner, also children's party; champagne dances.

Fourth Day Last horseracing, hula graduation and prizes. Cocktail hour music, dancing, Hawaiian Trio, motion pictures.

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HONOLULU TO SAN FRANCISCO

March 17, April 2, 8, 25, May 1

LOS ANGELES TO HONOLULU

March 28, April 3, 20, 26

HONOLULU TO LOS ANGELES

March 22, 28, April 13, 20, May 6

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have been in foreign hands for decades. It was an action that seemed certain to depress even further the nation's faltering economy (the Indonesian rupiah stands at 450 to the dollar on the free market, as opposed to a "legal" value of 45 to the dollar). At week's end, despite the strafing, the grumbling of members of the dismissed Parliament, and the political and military unrest, President Sukarno was still planning to leave on April 1 for another of his long junkets, this time to Africa and the Middle East. Whenever things get too worrisome at home, it's so nice to go off on a trip.

RED CHINA The Ugly & the Beautiful

From all over the countryside they descended on Peking last week—swarms of muscular women in tight pigtailed, laborers' boots and identical blue boiler suits. The glorious revolution, said Madame Soong Ching-ling, U.S.-educated widow of Sun Yat-sen and now People's Vice Chairman, had brought about a great change in Chinese "esthetic views . . . The fragile, slender and sentimental girls, whom the exploiting classes regarded as pretty, are ugly and degenerate to the working people." Banners flaunted high, red-and-gold streamers clutched in their hands, the emancipated women of Red China cried back their full-throated approval: "What was beautiful is now ugly! What was ugly is now beautiful!"

It was International Women's Day, and no fewer than 10,000 Hero Women and members of Women's Groups were on hand for the big rally. There was Hsu Hsueh-hui, who lost both hands "in a fight with Kuomintang bandits" and now wears an artificial pair made in the Soviet Union "especially for shaking hands with other people." Captain Chen Chi-yen ("The party made a pilot of me, a 32-year-old peasant girl") was there and so were the "Seven Fairies" of the Hupeh tea plantation, who had found a way to pick 1,102 lbs. of tea leaves a day. "All sisters in our country," cried the chairman of the National Women's Federation, "spur your horses again and again!"

"Do Good." Ever since 1950, when the Communists decreed them equal to men, the women of Red China have been spurring. Today nine out of ten of them have jobs, and when they get together, boasts the weekly *Women of China*, they "do not gossip any more, but talk about how to accomplish their production task." When that subject palls, they switch to discussing the Five Goods (e.g., "Do good in self-study"), and after that, the Seven Stills ("Some women still indulge themselves in ideas of conservatism, self-abasement and dependency").

But the Communist press is not alone in noting the change—the eager women of the militia, the emaciated girls toiling in the communes as if possessed. To some recent foreign travelers to Communist Chi-

na, the most striking thing about the women is the pleasure they take in power: they are the real militants of the new order. They may work for only \$4 a week and have their children brought up in factory nurseries. But they themselves stay around the factory after hours searching for some improvement to be made—or someone to denounce. Expelled priests and escaped deviationists report with remembered horror on the teen-age girls screaming for their executions, or serving as their fanatic inquisitors.

Men Shoppers. In fact, the Communists seem to be erecting a new matrarchy. Two weeks ago 80 million women



RED CHINA MILITIA GIRL
Broads must be better.

were "organized" to see the new film, *Silver Blossoms in the Sky*, the story of China's female paratroopers. And in Shanghai, Peking and Canton, one Swiss traveler observed the weirdest sight of all—long lines of dutiful men who had been sent out by their women before dawn to wait, shopping baskets in hand, for the markets to open.

Sometimes, even in People's China, there are women who hesitate. Last month a "Mrs. X" wrote to the Peking magazine *Chinese Women* for advice. "My husband," she said, "is showing rightist tendencies. He complains about the party and our glorious leader, Comrade Mao. Should I denounce him? We have been married a long time and he has been very good to me." The answer: denounce. The reason: "In a socialist state, love between a husband and wife is bound up with their enthusiasm and affection for the enterprises of socialism. If Mrs. X did not denounce her husband, she would be depriving their love of the political basis on which it was founded. Thus there would be no happiness in their home life."



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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Patience Sorely Tried

"Imperialist beast. Bandit, hypocrite, thief!" screamed the radios in Fidel Castro's Cuba, denouncing the U.S. "The U.S. wants to prepare public opinion for military action," raved *Revolución*, Castro's mouthpiece paper, "the same technique as the Alamo in 1836, the *Maine* in 1861, the *Lusitania* in 1915." Said Cuba's Prime Minister himself: "Those who committed this sabotage are those who were interested in our not getting these arms—officials of the United States Government."

In the week following the explosion of the arms-laden freighter *La Combe* in Havana Harbor, the vilification of the U.S. broke all bounds of diplomacy—and even of sanity. Yet once again, in a rapidly deteriorating situation that sees Cuban-American relations reach a new low each day, the U.S. held its temper.

Nonsense Talk. At first, Secretary of State Christian Herter offered Castro a diplomatic out for his undiplomatic language, laid the outburst to "emotional strain" over the disaster. But when his words only increased the din of epithets, even Herter's patience was tried. He summoned Enrique Patterson, Cuba's chargé d'affaires, to the State Department and read him one of the strongest protests the U.S. has issued in recent years. Said Herter: "The U.S. finds itself increasingly obliged to question the good faith of Your Excellency's government with respect to a desire for improved relations." Cuba's nonsensical answer, delivered by Foreign Minister Raúl Roa: The U.S. Secretary of State had personally insulted Diplomat Patterson. "We demand that whenever the United States Government addresses itself to representatives of the revolutionary government, it do so with absolute respect for their official status pursuant to accepted diplomatic standards."

No one knows where Castro's madness will drive him next. Cuba already has the look of a nation at war. Black-bereted militia drill in Havana's parks, empty lots, and along the seaside Malecón drive; children's yellow-shirted militia go from door to door begging contributions for "arms and planes"; the government TV station puts on a nightly street-corner "defense" telethon for arms funds.

Confiscation & Forbearance. What is the U.S. to do? For the time being, the U.S. will continue to grit its teeth and pursue a policy of patience. Secretary of State Herter says that the President is still opposed to taking economic countermeasures, such as cutting Cuba's sugar quota. The nation is already in difficult financial straits; its foreign-exchange reserves are down to \$85 million, while debts abroad come to between \$80 million and \$100 million, much of it for the huge arms-buying program.

What the U.S. will do is insist—through the OAS, the U.N., the World Court—on just treatment for U.S. citizens and property in Cuba. There is plenty to insist about. Last week confiscatory taxes forced Freeport Nickel Co. to halt construction on its \$110 million Moa Bay nickel mine, a project that would have employed 1,000 Cuban workers fulltime and poured some \$4,000,000 a year into Cuba in the form of wages, salaries and local expenditures. Freeport thus joins dozens of other firms that have been harried by sanctions or intervention. Among them: Otis Elevator, Abbott Laboratories, International Telephone & Telegraph, Bethlehem Steel.

The virtue of the U.S. policy of forbearance is that it demonstrates once again that the days of unilateral U.S. intervention in the affairs of its smaller Latin neighbors are past. The U.S. has earned much good will by its patience. But there comes a time when a nation must win respect, as well as good will, if it intends to be a leader. That time had not yet arrived, as the U.S. made clear last week. Yet patience was wearing thin. Said Secretary of State Herter: "Circumstances might arise which would require us to break off relations. I hope those circumstances never arise."

PUERTO RICO

An Ike-Assisted Take-Off

As President Eisenhower's jet took off from Ramey Air Force Base in Puerto Rico last week, it left a stream of political smoke behind. With Ike in the big, orange-trimmed plane for a friendly chat

en route to Washington went Luis Ferré, the millionaire industrialist, accomplished pianist and M.I.T. honor graduate who is running for Governor on the Statehood Republican Party ticket in the November elections. The trip got big Page One headlines in Puerto Rican newspapers, and Candidate Ferré beamed: "We talked as one Republican to another."

Ferré's opposition is durable Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, 62, architect of Puerto Rico's commonwealth status and the Popular Democratic Party's unannounced candidate for a fourth term. Trying to counter the presidential boost for Ferré, Muñoz declared that Eisenhower on his visit had "recognized the great value of commonwealth and the great economic and social progress registered under the present government of Puerto Rico." Some Muñoz followers, taking a different tack, grumped that Ike's friendliness toward Ferré amounted to interference in Puerto Rican politics. Replied Press Secretary James Hagerty: "Can you imagine the President being against a recognized candidate of his own party?"

On the major issue of the campaign, commonwealth v. statehood, Ike was less helpful. Though Ferré argued hard on the trip for a Republican plank endorsing statehood, Eisenhower replied: "I think you'd have a better chance, Luis, if you could give the platform committee some indication of public opinion on statehood in Puerto Rico." Ferré found that Republican leaders in Washington generally favored keeping some form of the 1956 plank endorsing the "fundamental principle of self-determination" of the Puerto Rican people. In his political campaign, Ferré



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With a policy written under this new plan, Bankers Life Company of Des Moines issues a policy that specifically guarantees the insurability of the policyholder to age 40 at standard rates—regardless of health. And with only one physical examination!

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Find out about the advantages of this important "Insurability Insurance" program. Call the Bankers Life Man in your community or write to Bankers Life Company of Des Moines at the address below.

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will try to prove that self-determination means statehood sooner or later.

A Roman Catholic bishop in predominantly Catholic Puerto Rico last week jumped broadly into the statehood vs. commonwealth debate. In a letter to the *New York Times*, James McManus, the Brooklyn-born Bishop of Ponce, charged that Muñoz Marin, by saying repeatedly that Puerto Rico is "a proud, free, self-governing commonwealth, joined to the U.S. by her own choice," is eloquently ignoring the hard historical fact. The 1952 law that established the commonwealth, McManus pointed out, did not free Puerto Rico, but merely changed it from a "non-autonomous territory" to an "autonomous territory." In fact, said the bishop, citing the law, one of the necessary conditions for congressional acceptance of the 1952 law was the retention of federal relations originally established in 1917.

Concluded the bishop: "The people of our colonies should be given a fair opportunity to choose between independence or statehood. The present condition in Puerto Rico is that Governor Muñoz Marin is by his own will, imposing upon the people of Puerto Rico and on the Congress of the United States an independence which was never granted, and a 'voluntary association' which is absurd unless independence has been granted."

THE AMERICAS

Under the Banyan Tree

Before dawn one day last week, a company of Panamanian soldiers hopped into landing craft and hit the beach on the Pacific coast of the U.S. Canal Zone. Just after sunup, a company of Brazilian paratroopers tumbled out of U.S. Air Force turboprop transports over the zone after a 200-mile flight from Bogota, Colombia. Next came 1,175 men of the crack U.S. 82nd Airborne and a plane load of Colombian soldiers. Chilean and Peruvian F-80 jets joined U.S. F-100 Super Sabres to provide air support. For the first time, in "Exercise Banyan Tree II," Latin nations were joining the U.S. in a peacetime maneuver.

Designed to test the concept of a "remote" defense of the Canal Zone, under which outside troops are rushed in to counter surprise attack, the maneuver showed that Latin America has used its \$493 million in U.S. military aid since 1950 to train and equip at least the beginnings of a tough, expert force that can move fast. The performance of the Latin soldiers and flyers was uniformly good, and the Brazilians were so impressive that 82nd Airborne officers talked of picking up some of their techniques. This week, the U.S. will top off Operation Banyan with "Operation Big Slam," airlifting 22,000 troops from all over the U.S. to Puerto Rico. As might be expected, the Cuban press denounced the maneuvers as "provocative war games," but the Latin troops went home pleased and proud about a new form of peacetime cooperation among American nations.

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In the United States, by contrast, public policies tend to reflect indifference toward the railroads, while they encourage the railroads' competition.

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PEOPLE

If any proof were needed that New England Industrialist **Bernard Goldfine** no longer has any White House influence, it came in a blockbuster indictment from a federal grand jury in Boston. The long-time crony of ex-Presidential Aide Sherman Adams was smitten with two charges: evasion of personal income taxes (1953-57) amounting to a whopping \$450,961, and dodging corporate income taxes (1952-57), owed by his Strathmore Woolen Co., to the tune of \$340,784.

On a local TV program, Kansas City's forthright Artist **Thomas Hart Benton**, 70, broke off from mural painting in the nearby library of his old friend, **Harry Truman**, to lower a heavy easel on Russian art. Said he: "They have no use whatever for all this individualism, abstract impressionism, and what Harry—President Truman—calls 'ham-and-egg art . . . The only good art they ever had was the art the church took out of Byzantine Greece into Russia—the making of those icons. Their realistic art is the worst kind of art borrowed out of the worst period of European art—the salons of the middle of the last century. It's worse than our advertising art, which is bad enough. It's exactly Madison Avenue turned to political purposes."

At a Manhattan première of the movie *Can-Can* (see CINEMA), New York University Junior **Carol Heiss**, 20, newly crowned queen of Olympic figure skating, showed up with a fellow bladesman, **Dick Button**, 30, who won the men's title in the 1948 and 1952 Winter Olympics. Earlier, in properly cold weather, Carol was honored by some 250,000 admirers, who cheered her way up snow-lined lower Broadway. After she had kissed Mayor



MICHIKO & SON
A first glimpse.

Robert Wagner Jr. seven times (once for him, six more times for photographers). His Honor piped: "Best thing that's happened to me all day!"

Japan's commoners caught their first glimpse of their new prince, **Noruhito Hironomiya**, and his commoner mother, **Crown Princess Michiko**. All bundled against the cold, the two-week-old prince was whisked from the Imperial Household Hospital to home and daddy, **Crown Prince Akihito**.

Plans for transforming Britain's betrothed **Princess Margaret** into plain Mrs. Antony Armstrong-Jones jelled in London. The wedding, to be conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Abbey on May 6, will be one of the most lavish ever held in England. The BBC pushed on confidently with preparations for a live telecast of the ceremony.

The University of Pittsburgh's Dr. **Jonas Salk** proved to be as good at side-stepping academic wrangling as he was at subduing the polio virus. Next year he will leave Pittsburgh, where he has recently been at odds with the University's administration, go to San Diego, where he will head the projected Institute for Biological Research, adjoining the University of California's La Jolla campus. The institute will be financed by private sources, will presumably give brilliant, self-contained Jonas Salk the job he wants most: being his own boss.

Now that he had coppered another of his country's highest honors, Britain's shag-eaved Prime Minister **Harold Macmillan**, 66, newly elected Chancellor of Oxford University (TIME, March 14), perhaps



HEISS & BUTTON
A seventh kiss.

felt that he could let down his eaves a bit and tell on himself. To a wide-eyed lunchtime audience of constituents Macmillan confessed: "I have been in love all my life with a great number of ladies." When the silverware finished clattering, he went on: "I remember my first occasion . . . She had blue eyes and curling, flaxen hair, and we danced to the tune *Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer, Do!* . . . She faded from my life when I went to school. I met her somewhere a few years afterward, but the illusion had passed."

All over France, billboards were demanding: "Does baby love Charrier?" Obviously, the ads were intended by their sponsor to imply that even infants go for Perrier's bottled mineral water, much of which gushes from a spring near the town of Charrier. Unfortunately, French for baby is *bébé*, pronounced "B.B." who, as 45 million Frenchmen know, is *Cinéma Brigitte Bardot*. In turn, making the coincidence the more monstrous, B.B. is married to highstrung Cinemactor **Jacques Charrier**. Was Perrier, with gauche humor, hinting of discord in the Charrier family? Brigitte concluded just that, had her lawyers ask the Seine Tribunal to muzzle the ads because they cast doubt on her love for her husband, thus injured "her honor, her happiness and her private life." The tribunal refused, but hinted that the ads were slightly ambiguous before Perrier augmented them with pictures of a plump baby hugging a bottle.

Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi of Iran and his pretty bride of last December, **Queen Farah**, took in the sights of the Shatt-al-Arab river port of Khorramshahr from the deck of the Iranian ship *Syrus*. There was still no official confirmation of Farah's pregnancy (TIME, March 14), but the beribboned Shah was smiling with a secondary gleam in his eye.



SHAH & BRIDE
A secondary gleam.



SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER: "YOUR GIMLET IS SUBLIME!"

A good Vodka Gimlet tastes limey—but sublimely *dry*. Its clean tang of lime is subtle, a whisper rather than a shout. To give this lordly cocktail true dryness and real gusto, use smooth Smirnoff Vodka... and genuine, imported Rose's Lime Juice. One thing more. Stirring keeps a Gimlet *cloudless*. So shake your head if you see it shaken—or stirred with anything but Smirnoff!

it leaves you breathless

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nobody likes you like Chevrolet

(and how this superlative '60 shows it!)

Nowhere will you find another car that caters to your driving wants like this one. That's because nobody else has gone to such lengths to find out what you want, and to give it to you. Eighteen sizzlin' new models for '60—every one with Safety Plate Glass all around, crank-operated ventipanes and a degree of comfort you'd expect only on the most expensive makes. Pick out your favorite, give it a good going over and notice all the extra ways Chery tries to please you (without once forgetting your budget):



there's nothing like a new car—and no new car like a Chevrolet. This is the Impala 4-Door Sport Sedan.

Roomier Body by Fisher (Chevy gives you wider seating and more head room than any other low-priced sedan—and the transmission tunnel is 25", smaller this year for more foot room).

Pride-pleasing style—you'll like the way it combines good looks with good sense—take a look at that easier-to-load vacation-sized trunk, for instance).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (with the extra cushioning of new rubber body mounts, here's a ride that almost lets

you forget there's a road under you.

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (24 combinations in all—with output all the way to 335 h.p. to satisfy the most finicky driver).

Hi-Thrift 6 (sarin'est six in any full-size car—built with Chevy's ever-faithful dependability).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (you'll warm up to this one fast—it gets up to 10% more miles on a gallon of

regular, yet gives you the "git" Chevy's famous for).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (you get long-lived, bonded-lining brakes that stop quicker with less pedal pressure—another important way this new Chevrolet has of looking after your welfare).

CHEVROLET

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5 enchanted evenings to Europe on the s.s. United States

The world's smartest resort is the world's fastest ship!



Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hornburg, Jr. sample the blue-ribbon cuisine on the s.s. UNITED STATES. (Menu lists 100 gourmet treats for dinner alone.) Mr. Hornburg is West Coast Distributor for Jaguar.

On the s.s. UNITED STATES you travel with an International Who's Who, dine on the specialties of 5 continents, dance to a Meyer Davis orchestra, enjoy pre-release movies. You breakfast in bed, then, if you like, enjoy a round of deck games.

There's a heated salt-water pool and a gymnasium. Or you may prefer bridge . . . or Cinema horse racing. There are supervised children's playrooms. And whatever you do, there's a steward for every couple to cater to your every wish. No wonder experienced travelers

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EDUCATION

Who's a Good Parent?

"We love Alice Marie," pleaded Richard Combs, 25, a husky sheet-metal worker of Old Bridge, N.J. But the plea was not enough for New Jersey's Board of Child Welfare. Last week, in the state's second highest court, the board moved to deny Gloria and Dick Combs' dearest desire—to adopt their foster child, a gay, elated four-year-old. The board's reason: Alice Marie, according to social workers, is too bright to remain in the Combs' "television-centered" household.

An abandoned child, Alice Marie has lived with the Combs since the age of ten months. Though the Combs agreed not to attempt adopting her, they found the quick, eager girl hard to resist. At two, she recited nursery rhymes. At 2½, she was put to an IQ test, won a mark of 138—in the "very superior," top 2% of the nation. "An endearing and charming youngster," reported the examining psychologist. He prescribed immediate adoption by a family with "a wealthy educational environment."

"TV Morons." Would the Combs home measure up? A spotless \$17,000 ranch house, it is filled with toys and African violets; the yard has swings, a slide, a sandbox. On his \$119-a-week salary, Dick Combs hoped some day to send both Alice Marie and his own two younger daughters to college. Nor was there any question of Alice Marie's affection for her foster parents. Often she woke in the night, crying: "Mommy, are you still here?" But the social workers were unsatisfied, lined up what they considered more suitable parents, a childless couple with 1½ more money and 2½ more "culture." The Combses, said one official report, "appear to have little cultural interests, and the majority of their leisure time is spent watching television. There are few books, if any, around the home."

"The state practically classifies us as TV morons," countered Dick Combs angrily. "We watch it maybe two hours a night, three or four times a week." His favorites: *Gunsmoke*, *Paladin*, sports events ("Am I supposed to be ashamed of that?"). Said Gloria Combs proudly: "I was valedictorian of my graduating class at Middlesex County Vocational Technical High School, and I was on the honor roll straight through."

The Combses promptly put up a book shelf in the living room, stocked it with an encyclopedia, books on child care, and such eclectic volumes as *International Atomic Policy* and *How We Drafted Adlai Stevenson*. They have read few of the books, Dick Combs conceded. "But it was the only front we put on. If the state doesn't like the way we live, that's too bad. We'll go on fighting for Alice Marie because we love her and she loves us. Is there a better reason?"

"Bureaucratic Stupidity." Last week, when the Combses' lawyer appealed the case in court, he could cite no better reason. The court was not even sure that

it should review the case. All legal precedent was on the side of the child-welfare board, which has sweeping power over adoptions in New Jersey.

To interested onlookers, the edict that Alice Marie is too "bright" to remain with loving parents seemed the height of official folly. Many psychologists noted that IQ is a matter of environment as well as heredity, i.e., the Combses themselves may be largely responsible for Alice Marie's high score. And what about the effect on the child of taking her from people who sincerely want her? Wired a

Princeton-bred Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation, which aims to make professors out of able college students as fast as possible. The recruiters are 900 faculty members throughout the country, who help nominate bright seniors for hard-eyed grilling by 15 regional committees of scholars. The prize: one year of graduate study at any university in the U.S. or Canada. No small change, the award carries a \$1,500 stipend, family allowances and the full cost of tuition.

Formers & Flyers. Last week the foundation announced a rich crop of 1,259 winners, selected from 8,800 nominees at 861 schools. They proved that potential professors can spring from almost any



GLORIA & DICK COMBS WITH ALICE MARIE
"We love her and she loves us."

Connecticut psychiatrist to the Combses: *I ENDORSE YOUR STAND AGAINST BUREAUCRATIC STUPIDITY 100%*. Wrote a New York City physician, citing his own illiterate parents: "Whatever parents may lack in economic comfort and culture may be compensated by their love and devotion."

At week's end, stung by the outcry, some board members pondered reconsideration of the Combses' adoption plea. Snorted the Combs family's Baptist pastor, the Rev. Edgar Bunche: "The whole thing is outrageous. They couldn't find a better home for that child if they looked from now to doomsday."

Search for Professors

Of all the jokes about the Ph.D., the least funny is that remarkably few Americans earn one. Debatable as the notion may be, a doctorate is considered the desirable qualification for college teaching. In the next decade, colleges will need at least 27,000 new teachers a year. But the present total Ph.D. output is 9,000 a year, and less than half become college teachers.

Nonetheless, the Ph.D. shortage is being tackled with burgeoning success by the

source. Indiana University's Ernest Lockridge, 21, son of the late novelist Ross (Raintree County) Lockridge Jr., will teach English after studying at Yale or Harvard. Ontario's Waterloo University College produced Robert Hett, 32, who quit work in a rubber company to study history, and will now go to Cornell. Shelly Faye Lewis, 19, of Louisiana's Southern University, is a pretty Negro coed and one of seven children of a barber in Plain Dealing, La. (pop. 1,321). She will study political science at the University of Illinois, hopes to "improve our people's knowledge of their country." And there are hundreds more, from a former Hungarian freedom fighter at Illinois' Monmouth College, who could barely speak English three years ago, to a one-time Louisiana truck farmer, now studying advanced history at the University of North Carolina.

Launched in 1945 by Whitney J. Oates, chairman of classical studies at Princeton, the fellowships began modestly with four newly demobilized veterans, who might not have become college teachers at all. One of them was Robert F. Goheen, a Princeton man and recently discharged Army light colonel, who aimed at a State De-

partment career. He became a classicist instead, and wound up after eleven years as president of Princeton. The 1946 Fellows were diverted just as neatly from other careers. Frank Wadsworth, a wartime test pilot who wanted to go on flying is now a Shakespearean scholar at the University of California. And William M. Meredith, poet and English professor at Connecticut College, was won away from his prewar reporting job on the *New York Times*.

Seller's Market. What put the show on the road was a \$24.5 million grant from the Ford Foundation in 1957. The operation is still based at Princeton, under President Sir Hugh Taylor, dean emeritus of Princeton's graduate school. But its recruiting setup now spans the nation: 3,000 of the 4,000 fellowships given so far have been awarded since the Ford grant. On U.S. campuses today, the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship is fast becoming a domestic version of the Rhodes Scholarship—a peak of academic distinction.

Key to the effort are the recruiters, whose methods vary. English Professor Francis J. O'Malley, a legend at Notre Dame (65 fellowships so far), concentrates on stirring students to "first-rateness, a real sense of the truth." The result is that many soon want to emulate O'Malley, become teachers themselves. California's Pomona College (36 fellowships) has an unusually bright, small (1,000) student body to work on. Says English Professor Frederick Bracher: "The kids we get here are devoted to what they're doing now, and they want to keep on doing it." At the University of Pittsburgh, Psychologist Samuel Roy Heath, director of counseling services, pursues promising freshmen from the moment they arrive. And more and more need no convincing at all. "Intellectual activity is fashionable now," says Heath, and it promises a living as well. "I can now tell them that there is going to be a real seller's market for teachers."

Up from the Farm

Is the farm-boy tinkerer a vanishing American breed?

Jerome George ("Jerry") Spitzner, 17, lives on his father's 160-acre farm, 4 miles outside of St. James, Minn. (pop. 5,005). Last week, in a field of 29,000 bright high school seniors from every state in the Union, Jerry walked off with the top \$7,500 award in the annual Westinghouse Science Talent Search. His winning project: an ion accelerator made of such handy items as a Christmas tree ornament and a float from a pig watering trough.

Built in a shack behind his house, the homemade atom smasher is not the least of Jerry's achievements. He has made and launched several rockets, using his own homemade fuel. He has designed an aerial camera with a parachute release triggered from the ground. He is now working on a sodium-lox rocket, studying low-temperature fusion through anti-particles, and putting together a binary digital computer, housed in a discarded dresser.

A straight-A student at St. James High School, Jerry is no one-sided grind. A strapping, 6-ft. 175-pounder, he is captain of the track and wrestling teams, a star football halfback, and he dabbles in dramatics on the side. Jerry's aim is a doctorate in physics, and a teaching job in a college where he can do research. He is well on the way, having completed eight college semester hours through TV's dawn-breaking *Continental Classroom* (this grade: A), and he is now finishing another TV course for four more hours of college credit.

To prepare himself even more thoroughly, Jerry stays after school two days



WESTINGHOUSE WINNER SPITZNER
The boy does seem educable.

a week for a special math course, and on Saturdays he travels 50 miles to Gustavus Adolphus College for a physics course. Jerry's father, who quit school after the eighth grade, is solidly behind his son's dreams. On the record, Jerry Spitzner does seem highly educable.

Roman Holiday

To budding U.S. artists and scholars who need time to polish their talents, a prize indeed is the *Prix de Rome*—a year or more at Rome's secluded American Academy. In a setting that might have inspired Horace, the yellow-walled palazzo sits serenely atop the Janiculum hill, Rome's highest, where the eye is on a level with St. Peter's dome, and a languid fountain dripping in the courtyard is louder than the city's raucous *Vespas*. If the place is out of this world, the effect jolts men to hard, realistic work. "I know I'll never get another chance like this in my life," says one sweaty sculptor. Adds a painter: "For me, coming here was like a kick in the pants."

The kick is aimed at serious young people who are on the brink of important work in art, architecture, literature and classical studies. Carefully culled by seven juries of U.S. experts, who meet annually

in Manhattan, the winners each get \$1,000 a year, a free room in the Academy and a spacious studio. They can do what they please, and work pleases most of them. Said one admiring academy director: "They work so hard it frightens me."

Freedom & Riches. This week the academy named 13 new fellows for next year, ranging from Latinist Richard Brilliant, 30, a Yale doctoral candidate, to Latvian-born Astra Zarina Haner, 20, an apprentice of Detroit's famed Architect Minoru Yamasaki. Like the 27 current fellows, all are likely to be profoundly invigorated by the academy's unique formula: freedom amid Rome's riches, from the ancient Forum to the soaring Olympic stadium.

Says California Painter Ricco Lebrun: "Rome's greatness says, 'We have achieved our ideals. You can achieve yours.'"

Stirred by the Sistine Chapel, Lebrun is hard at work on a vast vinylite-and-cement mural, depicting scenes from *Genesis*. Equally inspired by Rome is Harvard-trained Henry Millon, 33, art historian and architect. "I have spent hours staring at St. Peter's," says he, "and I've now decided that Della Porta was wrong in his elevation of the curve of the dome. It may have all kinds of effect on my work." Rome has also transformed Princeton-bred Musician John Eaton 24, who in his younger days barnstormed the U.S. with a jazz combo. Eaton has set John Donne's sonnets to music, launched a three-hour opera based on Sophocles' *Trachinian* and Seneca's *Hercules Oetaeus*. "I hated this oriental city the first month," says he. "But an electric city has made the inner voices clearer. I've narrowed down to composing, and found myself."

The Real World. Founded in 1894 by Charles McKim, a turn-of-the-century architect who designed Chicago World's Fair buildings in a borrowed Roman style, the academy began as a place for young U.S. architects to drink at the source of McKim's inspiration. Endowed partly by J. P. Morgan the elder and chartered by Congress, it soon took in artists and classicists. Now, aided by 50 U.S. colleges and universities, stands as one of the finest overseas representatives of U.S. culture. Among its alumni: Playwright Thornton Wilder, Classicist Robert F. Goheen (see above), Novelists Ralph Ellison and William Styron, Poets Richard Wilbur and John Ciardi, Composers Sam Barber, Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions.

The academy's recently appointed 13th director, New York Architect Richard Kimball, is anxious to renovate the elegant but ailing villa ("With us, it's boiling water or none," says one fellow's wife). But the men on Janiculum hill have little complaint beyond the plumbing. Stimulated by endless debates on life, art and talent in the atmosphere of ancient Rome, they have grown in every way. "Before I came here," says San Francisco Architect Aldo Casanova, 31, "I only studied and taught. Now, in what is supposed to be seclusion, I feel as though I have been exposed to the real world for the first time."



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MUSIC

Anarchy With a Beat

"I," says Composer John Cage, "am a hunter." Last week White Hunter Cage's latest quarry was on display at Manhattan's avant-garde off-Broadway theater Circle in the Square. Even to the battle-scarred ears of the bearded-and-ponytail set, it seemed one of the queerest beasts ever found in captivity.

Cage's self-styled "anarchistic situation" lasted for 90 minutes and was titled *Theatre Piece*. The composer himself stood in a corner with his back to the flimsy curtain. On the badminton-court-sized

stage bottle, set off the alarm clock, threw streamers and lighted sparklers. "Fifteen!" cried Cage, and Sneakers (Dancer Merce Cunningham) rushed forth petulantly snipping at his hair with scissors while the pianist (David Tudor) polished the piano strings with a buffer and the tuba player (Don Butterfield) stripped to the waist, slipped on a jacket and had a drink.

At 20, a black-cloaked figure stalked across the stage bearing an American flag.

The whole thing, explains 47-year-old Composer Cage, was a simple exercise in "indeterminacy." Back in his relatively traditionalist period, Cage composed pieces



CAGE



SCENE FROM "THEATRE PIECE"
And Sneakers hit the piano with a carp.

stage were eight performers confronting a weird assortment of props: a grand piano, a tuba, a trombone, a cluster of plastic bags hanging by a thin wire and dripping colored water into a washtub, a swing, a string of balloons, a pair of bridge tables littered with the debris of some nightmarish New Year's Eve—champagne bottle in bucket movie projector, alarm clock, broom, toys. After looking about to see that the performers were in their places, Cage somberly raised his left arm. "Zero!" he cried.

Enter, Indeterminacy. A man in sneakers and grey-flannel slacks walked over to the balloons and started popping them with a pin. A contralto in a sickly green satin cocktail suit began singing *St. Louis Blues*. A dancer in a black leotard skipped rope while the pianist slammed the keyboard with his elbows. "Five!" cried Cage, his arm descending like the second hand of a clock. Sneakers hit the piano strings with a dead fish. Black Leotard read a newspaper while marking time to the wail of the trombone by flipping a garbage can lid with her foot. The men at the bridge tables popped the cham-

page bottle, set off the alarm clock, threw streamers and lighted sparklers. "Fifteen!" cried Cage, and Sneakers (Dancer Merce Cunningham) rushed forth petulantly snipping at his hair with scissors while the pianist (David Tudor) polished the piano strings with a buffer and the tuba player (Don Butterfield) stripped to the waist, slipped on a jacket and had a drink.

At 20, a black-cloaked figure stalked across the stage bearing an American flag.

The whole thing, explains 47-year-old Composer Cage, was a simple exercise in "indeterminacy." Back in his relatively traditionalist period, Cage composed pieces

for percussion orchestras, featuring prepared pianos and weird electronic effects. But now, he says, he has no further interest in "expressing myself. I have no desire to improve on creation." The new object is to surprise not only the audience but the performers and the composer himself. When he was asked to write a piece for the Circle in the Square Composers' Showcase series, Cage sat down and worked out his basic time scheme according to the haphazard intersection of curves on a piece of graph paper. Then he asked the performers to write on 20 cards "a noun or verb or combination of both with which they would care to associate themselves." When a performer shuffles the cards and finds himself confronted with "carry fish" and "hit piano strings," what would be more natural than to whop the piano with a frozen carp?

Also, Mushrooms. These days Composer Cage rarely writes a piece unless a concert is coming up. He lives in a \$4-a-month apartment in nearby Haverstraw, N.Y., holsters his income by teaching two courses at Manhattan's New School: Experimental Composition of Music and

Mushroom Identification (with field trips when the mushrooms are flourishing in summer and fall).

Cage concedes that the principle of "indeterminacy" implies a move "away from art" and he believes that is a good thing. Nothing delights John Cage more than a concert at which the participants, instead of performing, "do exactly what they are doing."

The Rise of "Little Igor"

When the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris is presented the French première of Wagner's *Lohengrin* in 1887, with the memory of the Franco-Prussian War still lingering in the audience's mind, the conductor prudently laid a revolver on his desk before picking up the baton. Since then Lamoureux conductors have needed no firearms, although the orchestra has consistently crusaded for modern music, introduced works of Dukas, Debussy, Ravel, Honegger. Last week the Lamoureux arrived in Manhattan to begin an ambitious U.S. tour (27 cities in 35 days) under the baton of Russian-born Igor Markevitch, one of Europe's most gifted conductors.

For the Love of H. The orchestra's opening concert was as relentlessly French and often as cloying, as a roomful of Watteau landscapes—Gounod's *Symphony No. 2*, Messiaen's *Hymne*, Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe Suite*, Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*. In general, the sound of the orchestra was lighter than U.S. ears are accustomed to (the strings in particular had a papery quality), and some blurred, ragged playing suggested a lack of discipline. One possible reason: the Lamoureux (like Paris' Pasdeloup and Colonne orchestras and the Société des Concerts) is cooperatively run by the musicians themselves. Concerts are held only on Sundays and during the week the players hold other jobs—with the Paris Opera Orchestra, the band of the Garde Républicaine, the French National Radio Orchestra. The Lamoureux men play mostly for the love of it: when they divide up profits at year's end, they get barely \$100 apiece.

What the concert demonstrated more forcibly than anything else was that the Lamoureux is considerably less talented than its conductor. The reverse. Igor Markevitch believes, is usually the case. There are plenty of fine orchestras, but a woeful lack of first-rate conductors.

Bike for Beethoven? Markevitch himself turned to conducting relatively late. Born 47 years ago in Kiev—in the family château, where Michael Glinka, a distant relative, wrote *A Life for the Czar*—Markevitch grew up in Switzerland, early started playing four-hand duets with his pianist father. He soon gave evidence of a highly sensitive ear, once astounded a friend by blindfolding himself and counting, correctly, three bees clustered on an apple in a nearby tree. "I 'see' with my ear," Markevitch says now. "In hotels I 'see' the private lives of my neighbors, which is not always pleasant."

The infant prodigy was carefully nurtured; when a kindly aunt offered him a bicycle, his mother refused it, exclaiming

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Walter Bergin

CONDUCTOR MARKEVITCH
To see is to ear.

indignantly: "Did Beethoven have a bicycle?" He studied composition with famed Nadia Boulanger, the musical nanny of a generation of modern composers. By the time he was 16, Markevitch had written a piano concerto and at the elegant Paris première, Composer-Critic Virgil Thomson noted wistfully, the audience half expected to "be given boxes of *dragées* to take home with the name of Little Igor painted on them in blue."

But Little Igor was not all candy. Some called him "the young Rimbaud," and he was taken up by all the "in" people. He married Nijinsky's daughter Kira (they were divorced during the war, and he is now married to an Italian princess). He wrote a cantata on a poem by Jean Cocteau, *Hymnes*, for orchestra, and a host of other breathlessly energetic works.

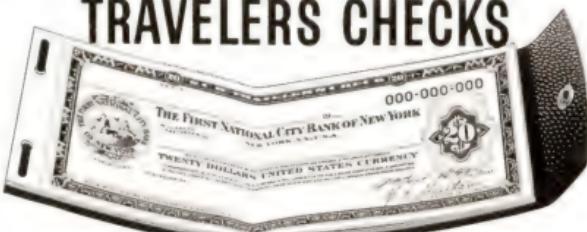
The Radio Tap. When he was not yet 20, Markevitch studied conducting for several months with Scherchen ("Sometimes he would wake me up at two in the morning to say he felt in the mood to give me a lesson"). World War II helped nudge him into a fulltime conducting career. Trapped in Italy, he worked for the Resistance, once helped blow up a train. At war's end he reorganized the orchestras at Florence's famed Maggio Musicale with such success that he soon became one of the busiest conductors in Europe.

Markevitch now juggles two orchestras, the Lamoureux and the Montreal Symphony, spends the rest of his time guest conducting about the world and teaching. His special interest is working out a more exact conducting vocabulary: strictly defined movements by the conductor, he feels, ought to evoke a strictly standardized response from the orchestra. But he is also concerned about the response of his music-glutted audiences. "To have Beethoven coming out of the radio tap from morning to night," says Markevitch, "is worse than not knowing Beethoven at all."



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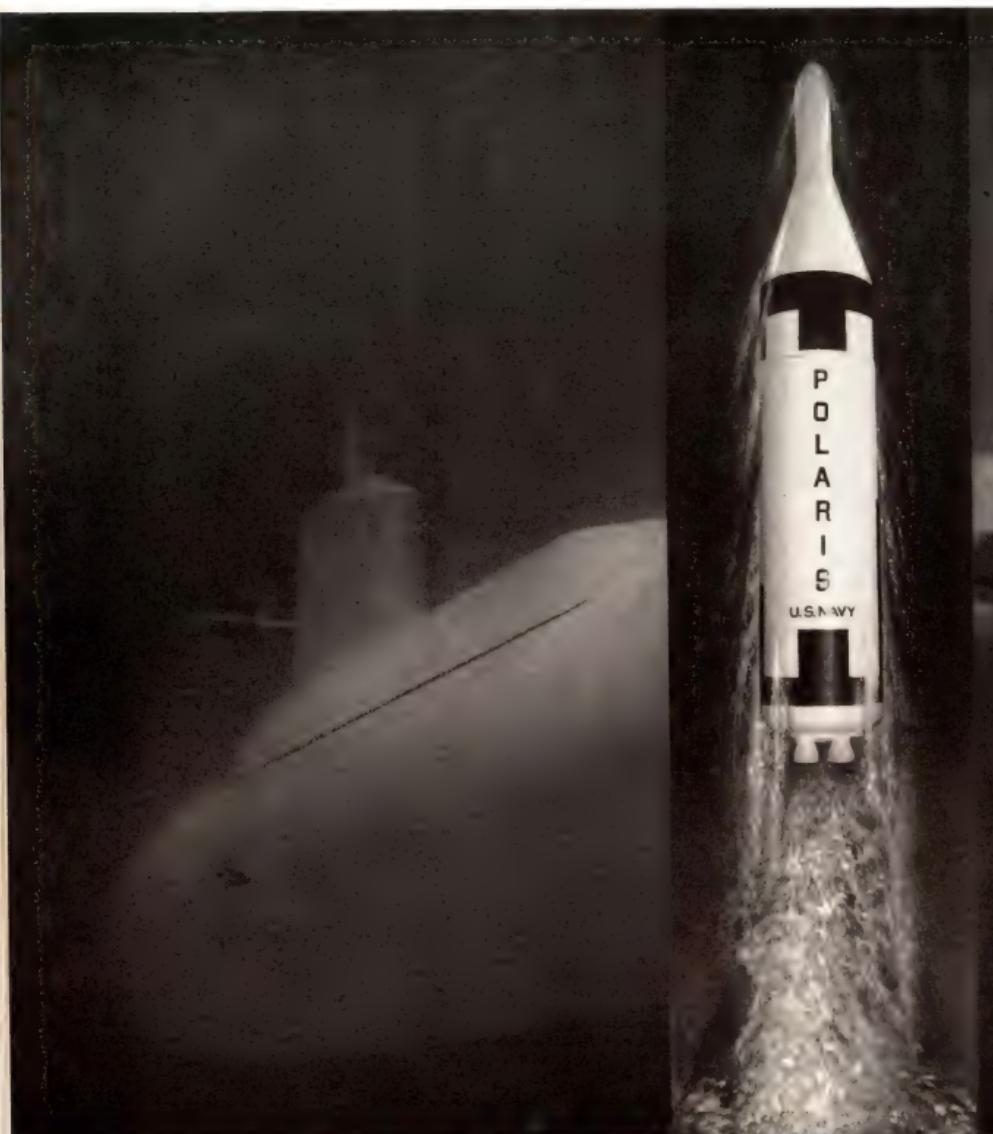


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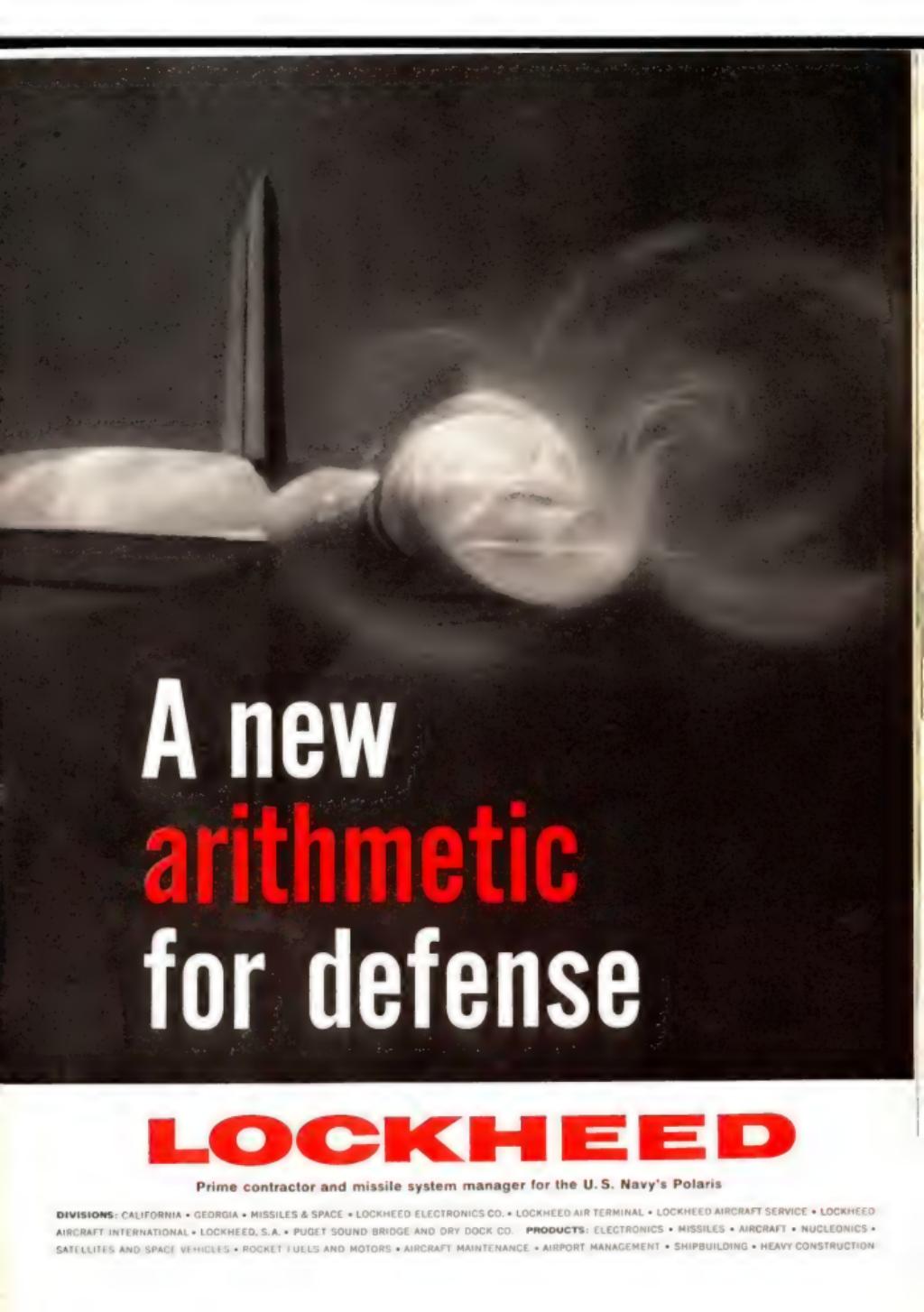
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SPORT

Early & Best

When he is hot, he can wind up on the tee and belt the ball a country mile. He can putt as if the ball had eyes. But nearly any pro, when he is hot, can do the same. The difference is that this year, sharpshooting Arnold Palmer, 30, has stayed happily heated up almost all the time. Ever since January, when golf pros began chasing a fast fairway dollar eastward from Los Angeles toward the big-time championships of spring and summer, Palmer has been cashing in at a record rate. By last week he had earned \$34,226, more than any pro ever has this early in the season.

Palmer's high-priced performance required both steadiness and flash. It took sure hands on the sun-baked courses of the Southwest, where the ball rolls forever if it is hit down the middle; and Palmer was on target often enough to win the Palm Springs Classic and the Texas Open. It called for a spectacular change of pace at Pensacola, where he came from behind on moist, slow Gulf Coast greens, banked on long, bold puts to rack up a seven-under-par 65 in the second round to take the tournament by a single stroke.

The bronzed, broad-shouldered man from Latrobe, Pa., has been curling his fingers around golf clubs ever since he was seven, when his golf-pro father taught him the correct grip. By 13, he had entered his first tournament. At Wake Forest College he was No. 1 on the golf team. In 1954, he got married, and won the National Amateur, but passed up a honeymoon in Europe in order to turn pro and start making money.

By now, Palmer's intense attention to his trade allows him to go through the mo-

tions of relaxation. When the going is good, he has been known to trade wisecracks with the gallery. But even at home with his family (two daughters, 4 and 1½) in the inevitable motels of the tournament circuit, he devotes every spare moment to grooming his collection of clubs. "Keeps you out of mischief," says Palmer.

It also keeps him in his high rank—a rank his fellow pros concede. Said one last week, with more admiration than envy: "Arnold is the greatest since Sam Snead."

A Goalie's Debut

The Red Wings' famed right wing, long a fearsome sight to pro goalies, bore down on the cage and fired low and hard. Sprawling, the New York Rangers' rookie goalie flung out his left leg, and the puck thunked into it. At the next whistle, a Ranger defenseman skated over to the goalie. "Nice stop on Gordie Howe," he said. "Who the hell is Gordie Howe?" asked Goalie Jack McCarty politely.

Fresh from his splendid performance in the U.S.'s upset victory in the Olympics, McCarty was as unawed by the National Hockey League stars as he had been by the Russians. After watching him at work in Squaw Valley, the Rangers had quickly invited him for a five-game tryout. McCarty, 24, now an Army specialist four with four months left to serve, took a furlough and came.

He outdid even the Rangers' fondest hopes. Lean-jawed, strapping McCarty (6 ft. 1 in., 200 lbs.) stopped Howe eight more times ("The other times he let go from about 20 to 30 feet, and I had it all the way"). helped the last-place Rangers beat Detroit 3-1.

Glove Preferred. McCarty grew up ignorant of big-league hockey and its heroes. In his home town of St. Paul there were no pro teams near by, he explains, and "most of us didn't know the league existed." Besides, McCarty was more interested in baseball, developed into a fine third baseman ("I could always use the glove pretty well"), earned All-America honors at Minnesota and a tryout with the Washington Senators. He started playing goalie in ice-lot hockey only because the regular goalie once failed to show up for a game. His baseball still shows in his hockey: his first reflex is to catch the puck instead of blocking it with stick or pads as most other goalies tend to do.

Starting out against Detroit, McCarty sweated heavily, but kept his head. "All I knew," he said after the game, "is that those guys in jerseys were carrying the puck and coming at me 100 miles an hour. My job was to stop them. If a goalie thinks about their scoring ability, the next thing he's reaching behind him to take the puck out of the net."

Head-on Blocking. Just to prove that his first pro performance was no fluke, McCarty did equally well against the Chicago Black Hawks. He had to settle for a 1-1 tie only when, in a melee, the puck bounced off a skate and into the net. Twice, burly Bobby Hull, the league's leading scorer,



GOALIE McCARTAN
... or a good right skate.

PHOTO BY GUY COOPER

drove straight for the mouth of the cage. Twice. McCarty met Hull head-on, bulled him off balance, and booted the puck away. Conceded Chicago's Glenn Hall, hottest goalie in the league: "He's got a good right skate for kicking out shots." At week's end, McCarty took on the fast-skating Toronto Maple Leafs, fended off a late Toronto barrage with spectacular aerobatics to achieve a creditable 2-2 tie.

Looking back on the 43-year history of the N.H.L., officials could recall only a handful of American-born players who had broken the Canadians' monopoly of big-time pro hockey. Most had made it only after fighting their way up through minor-league teams. But at week's end, it looked as if Jack McCarty might join that small and select band—and what's more, do it in one single leap.

Scoreboard

■ Boston University's fabulous Sophomore John Thomas, 19, who goes up and up, leaped 7 ft. 2½ in. at the Chicago Daily News Relays to break his own world indoor record for the sixth consecutive time, jumping 13 in. higher than any other man ever has, indoors or out.

■ As the pro-basketball season ended, Philadelphia's Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain, 23, in his rookie year had decisively rewritten the N.B.A. record books. Among his new marks: 2,707 points and an average of 37.6 points per game (the old records: 2,105 and 29.2, both set by St. Louis' Bob Pettit), and 1,941 rebounds (old record: 1,612, set by Boston's Bill Russell).

■ Whistling softly to remind herself to breathe, svelte U.S. Olympic Skier Betsy Snite, 21, swivel-hipped down the steep, tight trail on Mount Mansfield, completed her two runs a full 4.4 sec. ahead of a topflight Olympic field to win the women's slalom.



By Peter H. Smith—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

GOLFER PALMER
For success: strong hands . . .



How Connecticut General can help you increase productivity

Only Connecticut General adds to your group insurance or pension program a proven technique that can encourage employees to do their very best work.

This technique is called **B.E.U.**—Better Employee Understanding. And here is how it works. Step by step, **B.E.U.** explains—and keeps on explaining—to your people exactly how they benefit from your group or

pension program. This full appreciation of just how well they're protected relieves employees of many outside worries—leaves them free to concentrate on their work. Result: greater productivity.

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Lincoln Continental

—Nothing could be finer



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION *Ford Motor Company*
Builders of finer cars of every size for every purpose



LINCOLN AND LINCOLN CONTINENTAL
The ultimate in motor cars.

Driving the Lincoln Continental will make you aware of an over-all excellence you may not believe exists in any automobile made today.

Every detail of the Lincoln Continental's distinction has a purpose. The rear window, for example, is canted forward, not to satisfy a designer's whim, but to allow it to open at the driver's command, for ventilation that is virtually draft-free. And those long lines give the Lincoln Continental more than beauty.

Open any door and you enter the most spacious and luxurious interiors in motordom. The hand-loomed fabrics and glove-soft seat cushion leathers are hand-cut and in-

dividually fitted. The carpeting is worthy of the finest drawing room.

Painstaking care is everywhere evident. The deep luster of the finish is the result of 12 slow, meticulous operations. The silence that surrounds you is remarkable: more than 200 pounds of soundproofing contribute to your sense of supreme well-being. Before it is released, every Lincoln Continental must pass scores of rigorous inspections and a final road test.

If you have never experienced the luxurious comfort of the Lincoln Continental or the Lincoln, we invite you to inspect and drive these fine cars at your dealer's.



MERCURY

The best built—best buy—in its field.



COMET

The first compact car with fine-car styling.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best in the House."

If you think walking this plank is easy— you're all wet!



2. "Shades of Captain Kidd," I thought as they readied the pole for me. It was then I learned that the game dated back to the 18th century when Danish sailors covered their ship's bows-pits with lard and played for bags of gold.



3. "Time after time, I tried and failed. All I managed to do was work up an appetite. And with each successive effort that succulent Danish ham grew more attractive—and more distant—than ever. Finally, I knew for sure I'd have to buy my dinner that night.

Why this whisky's world-wide popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. And that's not all. Of the world's great whiskies, the *lightest* are Scotch and Canadian.

What's more, Canadian Club is *lightest of them all*. This happy combination means that you can stay with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner, highballs after. Try it tonight.

1. "Easy as falling off a log" is an expression I always took for granted until I visited the Virgin Islands," writes Curt Burr, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Now I'm sure it must have originated there—probably sparked by an experience like mine with the local sport of pole-walking. The game certainly sounded easy enough. Especially to an amateur. But I hadn't counted on their covering the pole with grease. I'd just started inching my way along the log's twenty slippery feet toward the prize ham when I lost my balance. Suddenly I felt myself flying through space. Next thing I knew, I was up to my neck in the Caribbean.

4. "I bought it—for all of us. But not before we visited the King Christian Hotel in Christiansted where our host poured a round from a familiar bottle of Canadian Club."



SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Return of St. Paarnard

"Five-four-three-two-one." Announcer Hugh Downs did the Canaveral countdown, then launched his rocket: "Here's Jack!" Into public view again loomed Jack Paar, returning to his bereft night-time audience after his headline-making walkout (TIME, Feb. 22). Home from three weeks in the wise old Orient, he was full of sweetness and contrition. He gave NBC another chance, despite its censorship of the now celebrated W.C. joke, and he admitted that his tantrum had been childish and emotional. "I don't really need enemies," he said. "When I have me."

Then he went right after his enemies, most of whom are members of the press.

Foam & Tears. John Wilkes Booth had turned up in the studio that night carrying a press card. Paar informed the audience. As for the disputed joke, "I only talked to you about a water closet; Walter Winchell would have peeked through the hole and told you who was there." Later he called Winchell lecherous and "a silly old man who could not admit under oath that he writes his own columns," added a few more phrases so barbous that NBC cut them from the tape—with Paar's assent. (Winchell counterattacked toward week's end, wrote: "St. Paarnard is a mean, sick and malicious little man.")

No. 2 on Paar's list was Dorothy Kilgallen, like Winchell a Hearst columnist, and in Paar's opinion, "a puppet. She never moves her lips when she talks. She must use Novocain lipstick." Frank Sinatra spat on the floor when he mentioned her on his show, but she only made Paar foam at the mouth.

Inviting the Chicago *Sun-Times*'s Irvin Kupcinet and the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Hy Gardner to grill him on the air, Paar answered their questions with the air of a do-it-yourself martyr. At one point he shed tears, telling about his ten-year-old daughter's problem of being overweight and how New York *World-Telegram* and *Sun* columnist Harriet Van Horne had called attention to it (when Randy Paar made one of her frequent appearances with papa). "Who the hell is that broad?" said Paar, "to talk about my daughter's weight?"

Almost a Monk. Baring his troubles to an absorbed audience, Paar for three days turned 25 million people into one conglomerate headshrinker. All was not neurotic, however. Much was good, sharp fun, whether he was saying, "This is the *Tonight* show coming to you in living black and blue," or "I thought of joining a monastery, but I didn't want to live in." A wholesome Paar suggestion: the initials should be dropped from all W. C. Fields films shown on TV.

Finally retracting his nails, he promised to restore straight entertainment to the show and "give up Winchell and Kilgallen for Lent." Ten times over he had said about all there was to say, except how glad he was to be working again for NBWC.

HOLLYWOOD

Strike in a Ghost Town

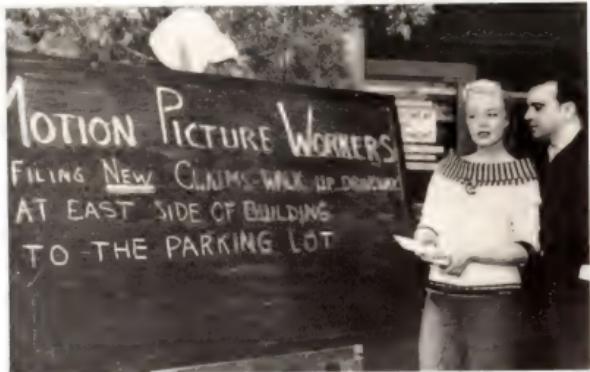
Actor Clifton Webb walked across the 20th Century-Fox lot one day last week and wept real tears. "It's so awful," said he, "everything has stopped. In the barbershop, no one talked."

Things have been pretty quiet in all the barbershops and all the studios for years but after the Screen Actors Guild followed the screen writers and went on strike last week, Hollywood looked more than ever like a ghost town. It was the first time in Hollywood history that actors had walked out, although in the '30s and '40s there had been plenty of strikes by other movie

alysts found themselves suddenly on "vacation." Counting off the remaining jobholders, one studio guard cracked: "Now we can recognize the relatives."

A Way of Life. The issues had a strangely artificial ring. After twelve years of temporizing, both the Screen Actors Guild and the Screen Writers Guild had hardened their demands for a cut from any sale to TV of movies made after 1948. The studio heads replied that 1) they had no notion of selling those movies to TV anyway, but 2) if they did, the actors and writers were not entitled to a cut for jobs already paid for.

"This is no longer a matter of money or terms, but a question of principle," proclaimed an ad signed by Kirk Douglas, Lauren Bacall, James Cagney, Bing Crosby, Bette Davis, Joan Fontaine, Bob



STRIKING SCREEN ACTORS SEEK UNEMPLOYMENT PAY
Telling more than a busload of pressagents.

unions. This time there were no pickets, no soup kitchens, no sheriffs' deputies. Big shots from both sides of the barricades simply drove home in their Cadillacs and snarled at each other from their swimming pools.

But the strike was on, just the same, and whether or not it would be settled quickly, it told a lot about the present state of the movie industry.

Recognizing Relatives. Eight pictures under way at major studios were stopped dead by the strike. At Fox, Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand and Tony Randall walked off the set of *Let's Make Love*. At Paramount, Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds and Lili Palmer reluctantly gave up *The Pleasure of His Company*.

Both at home and abroad, independent operators signed with the guilds and kept cameras grinding. But Hollywood skeptics suggested that the big studio bosses would bear up under the strike, make it an occasion for dumping movie production, and settle for the larger payoff that can be had from renting out facilities and distributing movies made by independent companies. The struck studios pared their payrolls with wondrous promptness. Flacks, grips, makeup artists and story an-

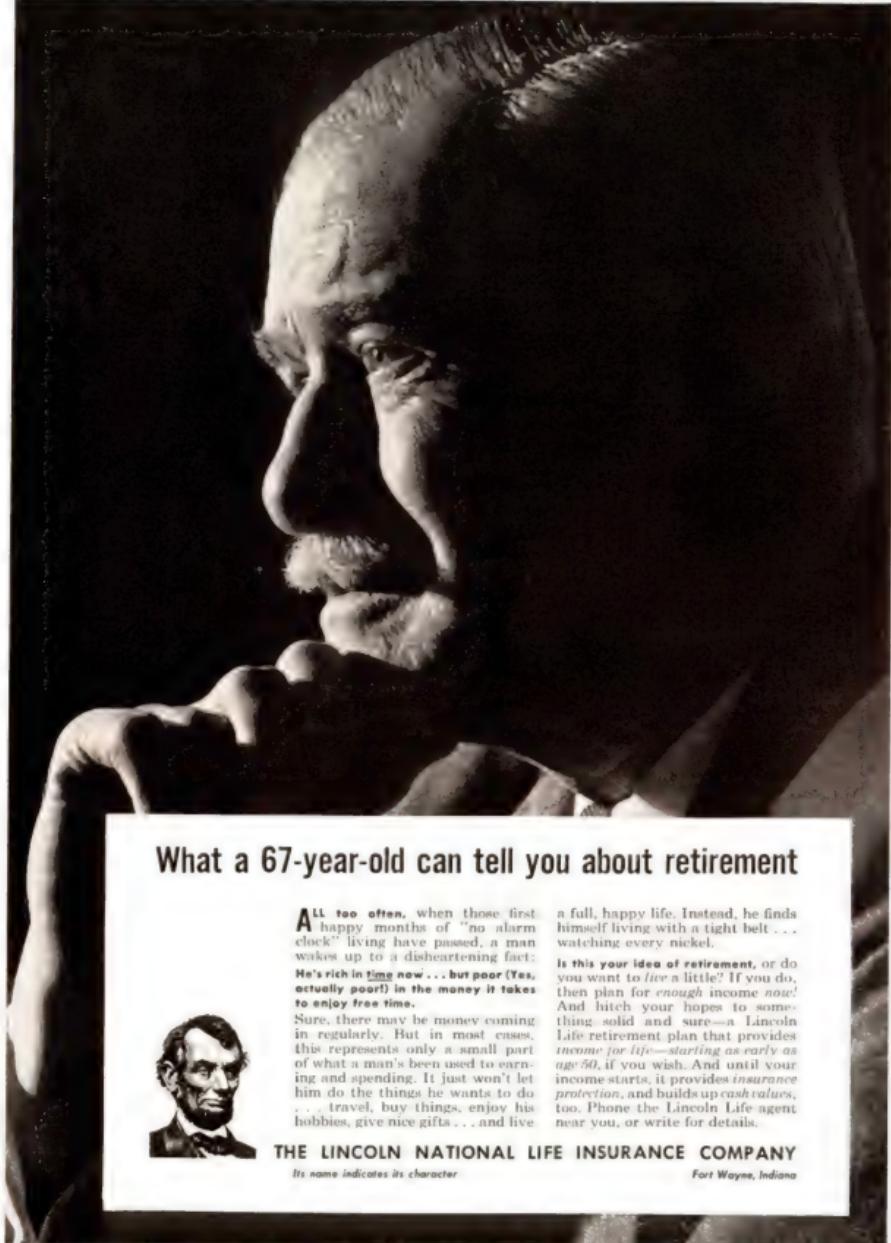
Hope, Edward G. Robinson, Spencer Tracy et al.

But there was also plenty of opposition to the walkout. Said John Wayne, apparently forgetting that he too had signed the ad: "I don't know what the hell they're striking about." Since anyone who appears on screen, no matter how briefly, becomes a guild member, complaints were heard that the strike vote had been carried by thousands who are not really screen actors. (Guild President Ronald Reagan has not appeared in a movie for three years.)

COLUMNIST HEDDA HOPPER, who has seldom acted for a decade, hinted of stuffed ballot boxes (she got two ballots voted against the strike on both) and of Red influence. "This is the greatest industry ever put in the hands of man," she said. "I don't want our way of life thrown in the discard."

The Exodus. Others besides Hedda were worried. The spectacle of millionaire movie actors lined up with extras against the men who once ran the town suggested to Hollywood oldtimers the end of an era. In fact, that era had ended long ago. "I'm not going to start another picture."

© Mary Beth Hughes and John Angelo.



What a 67-year-old can tell you about retirement

ALL too often, when those first happy months of "no alarm clock" living have passed, a man wakes up to a disheartening fact:

He's rich in time now... but poor (Yes, actually poor!) in the money it takes to enjoy free time.

Sure, there may be money coming in regularly. But in most cases, this represents only a small part of what a man's been used to earning and spending. It just won't let him do the things he wants to do... travel, buy things, enjoy his hobbies, give nice gifts... and live

a full, happy life. Instead, he finds himself living with a tight belt... watching every nickel.

Is this your idea of retirement, or do you want to live a little? If you do, then plan for enough income now! And hitch your hopes to something solid and sure—a Lincoln Life retirement plan that provides *income for life—starting as early as age 50*, if you wish. And until your income starts, it provides *insurance protection*, and builds up cash values, too. Phone the Lincoln Life agent near you, or write for details.



THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Its name indicates its character.

Fort Wayne, Indiana



UPI

STRIKERS MONTAND & MONROE
To the barricades by Cadillac.

said M-G-M Producer Joe Pasternak, "until the actors decide to give the business back to the bosses." But there are virtually no bosses around to take it back. The businessmen who followed the sun westward generations ago to build their dream world on the Hollywood lots are dead, dying or dispersed. Harassed by taxes, producers and actors have split Hollywood into countless independent corporations that make more and more of their movies abroad. The strike has only hastened the exodus of hangers-on. The hard-up hopefuls who could never make it unless the whole town was working; even if the strike is settled, many of them will never be back in movies.

At week's end, negotiators on both sides were suggesting that the guilds would allow the eight suspended pictures to resume work, and that studio heads would agree to discussion of TV "residuals." But some 200 studio employees have already applied for unemployment compensation. "I gotta live," cracked one out-of-work actor, "so I signed on as a salesman for a new dentifrice—Strike Toothpaste, guaranteed to remove film."

NIGHTCLUBS

Satire in Chicago

The situation is critical. Japanese industrialists have developed the Hicoupet Mark III sports car, U.S. price: \$49.05. Obviously, Detroit will soon be just a swallowed Miltown. The hero pulls his thumb out of his mouth strips to his Bermuda shorts, and shouts: "This is a job for Business Man!" He is, of course, "faster than a speeding ticker tape, more powerful than a goon squad, able to leap loopholes in a single bound." He does all this on the stage of a Chicago coffee-house-nightclub called the Second City.

When he has wrecked the Oriental T-bird on a quick-build brick and mortar tariff wall, Business Man moves on to do battle with Collective Man. They square off and slug it out with slogans. Collective Man lands two left hooks: "The irresistible historical momentum of the workers' movement" and "the forward thrust of Soviet science." Business Man fights back with collective bargaining and the eight-hour day, follows up with everything from recovered space monkeys to the thinking man's filter. Momentarily victorious, he says: "Come back next week to see how I straighten out that troubled island of Cuba."

Aristotle Invoked. The audiences keep coming back to the Second City, on Chicago's North Wells St., where the declining skill of satire is kept alive with brilliance and flourish. Reorganized last summer, the group that once gave basic training to Comics Shelley Berman, Mike Nichols and Elaine May rented a Chinese laundry, built a stage and paneled the walls with the sides of discarded phone booths. Many in the company—including Director Paul Sills, Actors Barbara Harris, Severn Darden, Andrew Duncan—date back to the Nichols-May-Berman days, keep up their longstanding practice of developing material as it comes into their heads during rehearsals.

Collected around a nucleus of University of Chicago alumni, the players stand on a high platform: "We are Aristotelian in the true sense: we entertain while we instruct. We slip the message in between the laughs. Our target is pomposity." Chicagoans like both the laughs and the message: the group's sharp entertainment goes far toward relieving Chicago's country-cousin complex as the U.S.'s second city. Even the *Tribune* praised the show for its "sparkle and sauciness, speed and irreverence."

Oedipus Revisited. If the Second City comedians have a trademark, it is "The Living Newspaper," a flexible stick touched off by items in the press. When discoveries of police corruption recently scandalized the Chicago area from Cicero to Lake Forest, a Second City actress would rush onstage each night, frantically dial a number and say: "Hello, FBI! There's a policeman hanging around in front of my house." Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd is nightly impersonated in a minstrel show, puts on blackface and sings: "How I love to pick old massa's cotton." But "the thing I like most," adds Byrd, "is to take this off and be a white man. He tries—but the black will not come away from his face."

Pantomime is both basic and superb at the Second City: Charlie Chaplin is figuratively assassinated in a bit called "City Blights," and Sweden's Cinema Director Ingmar Bergman is taken apart in a parody called "Seven Sealed Strawberries." Another regular feature, "Great Books," pours cholesterol into the heart of literature. In one session, as an adult evening class discusses *Oedipus Rex*, a woman declares brightly: "I think he knew it all the time."

SHE:
the book says 3 to 1

HE:
the boys say 10 to 1



Who's wrong? Neither. Make your Martini as you like it. Do remember, though, there is no substitute for the subtle dryness and delicate flavor of Gordon's Gin—original base and inspiration of a classic Martini. The Gin that made the Martini famous... still makes it best... 3 to 1 or 10 to 1. First distilled in 1769—Gordon's Gin is still traditionally distilled for authentic Gin quality. Any bartender worth his powdered sugar knows he can stake his reputation on the superb taste of any Gin drink mixed with Gordon's Gin. And so can you!



THE PRESS

The Anniversary

By official proclamation of the Menderes government, Turkey last week was observing the 100th anniversary of Turkish journalism. But there was precious little cheering among what remains of Turkey's free press—for the government happened to be celebrating the occasion by clapping 72-year-old Ahmed Emin Yalman, dean of Turkish newsmen (TIME, Jan. 18), into jail for violating the oppressive national press laws. His crime: re-printing in his daily *Vatan* (Nation) articles by U.S. Newspaper Tycoon Eugene C. Pulliam (the Indianapolis *Star*, nine other papers) that "belittled" Premier Adnan Menderes. For that, Yalman began a 15-month sentence in Uskudar prison on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

A journalist for 53 years, Yalman to the end refused to be humbled. "This sort of thing has happened to me before," wrote Yalman, who has been imprisoned twice before, gunned down once by an assassin, in a farewell to his readers. "But I am grateful to the Almighty to have given me the opportunity to join the ranks of those ready to endure a sacrifice for the sake of country and profession. I am getting old now; my blood pressure is high, my heart doesn't work properly. In spite of the strength of my will, these troubles may not allow me to resist the long-time hardships of prison life. But if I should die during my detention, I shall consider it a fit end to a life of idealistic struggle, for I have still not lost a particle of hope regarding the future of Turkey."

At week's end, his health failing but his will still unbowed, old Ahmed Emin Yalman was moved from prison to an Istanbul hospital with a heart ailment.

Merchant of History

Five years ago, when James Parton and associates came out with a bimonthly magazine exclusively devoted to history, their publishing future seemed hardly more hopeful than the starting stake (\$64,000) and their first print order (80,000 copies). After all, how many history buffs were there around—and how many of them would take a magazine that cost \$2.00 a copy? By last week, reviewing *American Heritage's* past and present, Publisher Parton, 47, could supply a jubilant answer: history is hot.

"All America is on a history kick," said Parton, a one-time TIME staffer, and produced figures to prove it. American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., which did \$48,000 worth of business in 1955, reached \$7,125,000 last year. Publisher Parton predicts an \$8,000,000 to \$9,000,000 gross for this year. The hard-cover, adless *American Heritage*, which now sells for \$3.95 and can break even with 105,000 subscribers, has 310,000 subscribers. *Horizon*, a sister magazine launched in September 1958, is equally intellectual (it is devoted to ideas and the fine arts) and just as expensive, has already reached a circulation of 155,000. In addition, the com-



AHMED EMIN YALMAN
Sick in the cell.

pany has published three best selling, high-priced (\$12.50 and up) historical books.

Parton and his colleagues, among them Author-Historian Bruce (Grant Myles South) Catton, and Joseph J. Thorndike Jr., one-time managing editor of LIFE, are busily hatching plans to make their sort of publishing even more successful. Last fall they branched out into television as advisers on a special series of hour-long historical dramas, have helped produce the pilot film of a half-hour TV series on the Civil War.

American Heritage is also marketing a new book line for juveniles, intended to bag history buffs in their formative years.



JAMES PARTON
Buffs in the bag.

The teen-agers are responding every bit as enthusiastically as their elders; the second book in this line (*Indians of the Plains*) has already gone out to 25,000 subscribers in advance of the April 15 publication date, and 50,000 more copies are in the hands of bookstores. Says Parton: "It's mass history."

Free Press?

Dictators are the only ones who do not like freedom of the press.

—Fidel Castro, Jan. 5, 1959

Last week the Cuban Ministry for the Recovery of Illegally Acquired Property seized the weekly newspaper *Vocero Occidental* in Pinar del Rio. No reason was given. The seizure brings to more than 50 the number of papers under the thumbs of the Castro regime.

The Times & Cuba (Contd.)

Since Cuba's Fidel Castro went to power 14 months ago, the editorial page of the New York Times has watched his low jinks with monumental forbearance, urging that Castro get a chance to prove his good intentions. "If you are a newspaperman of responsibility," said one Timesman, "you don't rush into print immediately; you weigh the consequences." A major weigher of Cuban consequences for the Times was Editorial Writer Herbert L. Matthews (TIME, July 27), a good friend of Castro and ranking U.S. newspaper apologist for the Castro regime. "Youth," explained Matthews, writing off the excesses of the Castro government, "must sow its wild oats."

But by last week the Times had plainly decided that it was past time for Castro to grow up. With a vehemence rare in its editorials, the Times took dead aim on Castro's shrill accusation that the U.S. had sabotaged an ammunition ship that blew up in Havana harbor. Castro's "outrageous charge," which whipped up "the passions and hatreds of his people," said the Times, "was paranoia raised to the level of national policy. Certainly the irresponsible and provocative behavior of the Castro regime in recent days plays directly into the hands of Cuba's enemies in this country. . . . As a great power, this nation must be slow to anger and must show great patience, but if the Castro regime continues on its present paranoid course the Cuban people could become the victims of their leaders' mistakes."

As it happened, Herb Matthews was on vacation last week; indeed he was in Cuba being greeted by Castro cohorts.

On Record

As the U.S. Senate passed the eleventh day of the civil rights filibuster last week, a team of recorders toiled round-the-clock to chronicle every syllable of the debate for official Washington breakfast table reading. Working ten-minute relays over two twelve-hour shifts, 14 *Congressional Record* reporters (six more than usual) took down verbatim the torrent of words, made it seem almost easy. "After all," explained one *Record* staffer, "the Southern Senators speak slowly."

In spite of such seeming offhandedness,



Son, 2, and son, Kees. Puerto Rican pianist Jesus Munoz Sosa, right, and his wife, Gloria, are shown in their home in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

How far is Puerto Rico from Carnegie Hall?

SUGGEST a journey more than fifty miles from a major city such as New York, and many executives shudder.

They visualize some cultural desert where the brain withers like a prawn.

Our photograph helps to refute any such fears about Puerto Rico. In the foreground you see the great Puerto Rican pianist, Jesus Munoz Sosa, and

he is preparing for one of twelve recitals that he gives each year in his concert room, and

Puerto Rico's major cultural event is certainly the Festival Casals. But did you know that San Juan puts on an annual Drama Festival too? It runs from the middle of January through early March. Last year even Brooks

Atkinson forsook New York to attend.

Puerto Rico also presents regular seasons of symphony, ballet, and opera. And when you live there, you get some delightful surprises.

Where else do famous projects pro-

duce their own silk bullet?

Like Casals, Puerto Rico, 3000 Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Wolfschmidt has the secret of making real vodka!



WOLFSCHMIDT
VODKA

TOP SECRET

THIS FAMOUS WOLFHOUND, BARON WOLFSCHMIDT, IS A SYMBOL OF THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA

This noble canine is the soul of discretion! How well he guards the exclusive process that makes Wolfschmidt so clear, so clean...so obviously superior to other potables aspiring to the time-honored name of vodka. Wolfschmidt transmutes tomato

juice, orange juice, or what-you-will to pure glory. But never does it intrude on the flavor of the mixer, nor reveal itself on your breath. Make your next drink with Wolfschmidt... see how well it deserves its reputation as the world's finest vodka.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. MADE FROM GRAIN, 80 OR 100 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

the *Congressional Record* is in a sense a publishing wonder. It is a daily of more than 200 pages, with an average circulation of 42,000, no managing editor, and, in the members of Congress, 537 contributors, all free to edit their own copy. Printed overnight at a cost of about \$16,000 per issue, it is delivered all over Washington earlier than the morning milk. Though the *Record* has never missed its midnight deadline, only a system as intricately interrelated as a Swiss watch keeps it functioning at all.

Turn & Folio. Under the general supervision of the Joint Committee on Printing, the *Record's* front-line troops are the official debate reporters, who catch the words uttered in the congressional chambers and get them down on paper. Reporters follow a debate like a mobile audience at a tennis match, use shorthand rather than stenographic machines so that they can more easily move from place to place in the chambers. Each reporter spends a five-minute "turn" (in the House) or a ten-minute "folio" (in the Senate) on the floor, then hustles down to the official reporters' office to read his notes into a dictating machine. An unwritten custom for both House and Senate reporters is to clean up little slips of grammar, fact or taste made by the solons. Once a Congressman leaped to his feet in a farm debate, said that the time had come to take the bull by the tail and look the situation squarely in the face. As discreetly as possible, the *Record* reporter straightened things out.

The reporters and typists work so fast that a Representative or a Senator can have a copy of his remarks within half an hour after he has stopped talking. Each member of both congressional branches has the opportunity to edit what he has said before it goes to the printers. This practice was scored by the late Senator Richard Neuberger (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), who introduced a resolution to prevent substantive changes in the recording of remarks made on the Senate floor. Senators, he said, are among the "few persons who can say 'I wish I'd said that' and then actually say it."

Windy & Thick. Bundles of each day's congressional proceedings begin arriving at the Government Printing Office in the early evening in order to meet the deadline. A force of 100 proofreaders checks the Senate and House proceedings, as well as the reprinted articles, tables, etc., that go into the *Record's* appendix. Representatives are entitled to 60 free copies of the *Record* each day, Senators 100; other users pay \$1.50 a month.

The present *Record* began in 1873, is a descendant of three previous congressional chronicles—the *Annals of Congress*, *Register of Debates in Congress* and the *Congressional Globe*. Whether or not the members of Congress have become windier, it is a fact that the *Record* has become thicker with the years—and 1960 is starting off with a bellow. Said Chief Senate Reporter John Rhodes, as he listened to the filibuster last week: "Anyone in this business has to be a little dippy."

SMART IDEA

THE Willow

with hand sewn vamp

Elegant slip-on in fine grain soft leather. Low, sweeping toe front ...taut styling... smart for business, casual, or dress. Rich-toned in coffee brown or black

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Motorola and Drexel

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Fill your room with the beauty of wall-to-wall sound—stereo high fidelity by Motorola in fine cabinetry made by Drexel. A handsome addition to any decor, this stereo hi-fi matches the famed Drexel Profile* grouping. At Motorola dealers, or fine furniture and department stores everywhere.

Shown: Drexel's contemporary classic, Profile in stable walnut. Captain's chair, cocktail table and bench. Motorola Television and stereo high fidelity.

*Design patterned

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Writes 6 months in normal office use. Dependable, too! Your choice of ink colors. Fine or medium point. Deluxe black, colors \$3.95. **Black \$2.95**

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America's fastest selling desk set. A precision fountain pen in lustrous porcelain base. Compact, efficient. Choice of 32 pen points. 6 colors, includes black. (Model 112) **\$3.75**

C. Feed-Matic® Base Desk Set

Holds 6-month ink supply. No evaporation or dust. Writes 300 words or more each time you remove pen from base! Won't spill. Choice of 32 pen points. Black, colors. (Model 444) **\$4.50**

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Esterbrook® Pens

*T.M. The Esterbrook Pen Company, Camden 1, N.J.
Prices slightly higher in Canada

Passion Revised

Is the Christian Passion play at Oberammergau un-Christian? In the March issue of the Jewish monthly *Commentary*, Robert Gorham Davis, professor of English at Columbia University, declares that it is. Writes Davis, a Unitarian: "In a period of reviving anti-Semitism, brought finally to public attention by the defacing of synagogues, the visitors to Oberammergau will see, under highly emotional circumstances, a play in which the synagogue is a rallying point for evil and in which the Jewish people accept gleefully for themselves and their children blood-guilt for the murder of the Christian Saviour." As one of many savage lines given the Jews, he cites the words of the High Priest Annas at the foot of the cross: "It would delight mine eyes to see his body torn by wild beasts."

The play's cast and most of the town of Oberammergau (pop. 5,000) rushed to defend the play. On this matter, Christ and Judas agreed. Said blond, bearded Anton Preissiger, 48, who played Christ so movingly ten years ago that he was asked to take the part again this year: "What ugly accusations against a play whose main theme is love!" Echoed Hans Schwaighofer, 40, who plays Judas: "As far as my interpretation of Judas goes, I shall not depict him as a villain but as a man torn between faith and disbelief, tortured by his own conscience."

Taste of the Times. Critic Davis not only condemns the play itself, but also questions the words on which it is based—notably the words St. Matthew attributed to the Jews: "His blood be on us, and on our children." This attitude, says Davis, "has been taken as warrant, through nearly two millennia, for a series of abominable outrages against the people among whom Christianity rose." The play, he grants, falls well within Christian tradition.

Based on medieval miracle plays, it was first performed in 1634 at the time of the Thirty Years' War. A plague sweeping Roman Catholic Bavaria struck Oberammergau, and its despairing inhabitants vowed that if they were spared they would perform a Passion play every ten years. This they have faithfully done, with few interruptions (including one in each World War), ever since. Over the years, the text has been repeatedly rewritten to suit the taste of the times, and music and pageantry have been added. The latest version was written in 1860.

No More Hatred. If Critic Davis has to probe history to attack the play itself, he does not have to go so far to fault the performers. Tradition has it that all of the performers should lead exemplary lives. With the present cast, including Christ and Judas, this is notably not the case: they were members of the Nazi Party. The play's longtime director, 70-year-old Woodcarver George Johann Lang, offers an explanation: "I was a

Nazi, and I was jailed for it for two years after the war. I hoped that the Nazis would bring order into the political and moral chaos that was Germany. Besides, one of the reasons I did the Passion play in 1934 under Hitler was because if I refused, the Nazis themselves would use Oberammergau for their own version of the Passion play."

Though Director Lang heatedly dismisses all allegations of anti-Semitism in his play, significant changes have been



OBERRAMMERGAU REHEARSAL
Christ and Judas agreed.

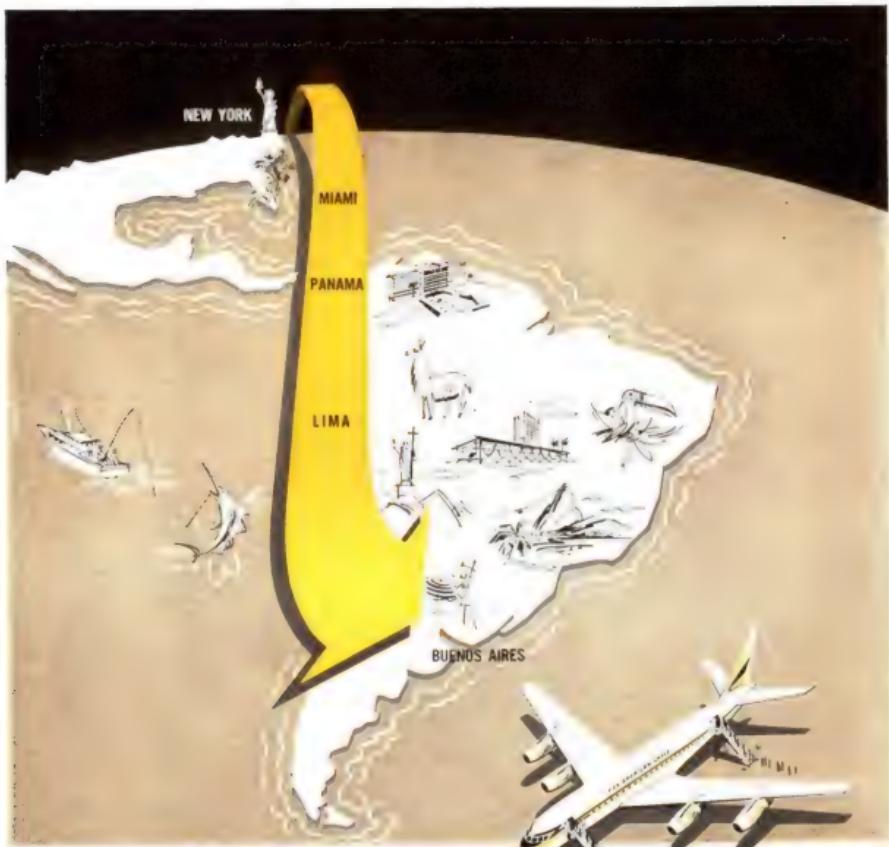
made in the text. The abbot of a Benedictine monastery near Oberammergau scrutinized the text for offensive lines long before Davis' article appeared, rewrote ten passages. For example, in the old version, a group of Jews denounced Jesus before Pilate: "He will be the goal of our eternal hate. We will hate him until the end of time." Now they say: "O Lord here is a man on trial; bless us and tell us whether he is right." In addition, the words "hated" and "vengeance," when uttered by Jews on stage, were deleted. Says one diehard member of the cast: "A great deal of this drama will have been sacrificed."

Liberty & Catholicism

The major stumbling block to Protestant-Catholic understanding—underlying the U.S. Protestant insistence on separation of church and state—is the question of religious liberty. The Roman Catholic record is clear, say Protestants; when in the minority, the church is all for religious liberty, but once in the majority, the church—as in Spain or Italy—sees to it that the religious rights of non-Catholics approach the vanishing point.

Many Catholics maintain that this is indeed the official policy of the church,

* In 1950, with Anton Preissiger as Christ.



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set forth in the doctrine that error should not enjoy the same rights as truth, and that therefore the church (truth) can only tolerate the propagation of other religions (error) as a necessary evil when the church is not in a position to enforce its claims.

Just published is a Protestant pamphlet that indicates what many followers of Catholic thought have long known: there is a strong trend in modern Catholicism to take a firm stand on the side of religious freedom. The document: a scholarly, footnote-studded study prepared for the World Council of Churches' Commission on Religious Liberty by Dr. Angel F. Carillo de Albornoz of Paris, a scholar with degrees in theology, philosophy, letters and law. Dr. Carillo was formerly a Roman Catholic but is now an Episcopalian on the staff of the World Council.

Conscience & Error. According to Dr. Carillo's 95-page analysis, the trend is so strong that "it would be an understatement to say that for one book or article in favor of the traditional doctrine, ten have been published defending universal religious freedom."

Many of these theologians deal with the problem of giving rights to error by making a distinction between protecting error and the moral obligation to grant freedom of conscience—whether conscience is in error or not. Dr. Carillo quotes German Jesuit Theologian Max Pribilla:

"Religious liberty, when it is understood correctly, does not mean the protection of error, but the protection of the erring men who should not be prevented from serving God according to their conscience. Even the erring conscience imposes obligations and acquires corresponding rights. The protection accorded to the erring person in order that he may fulfill his obligations or maintain his rights is good in itself . . . The church itself will therefore be wise to leave God to decide on the state of conscience of people with different beliefs."

Highly Satisfactory. Against those Catholic theologians who assert that the question of religious liberty is not open to discussion by Catholics, the opposite faction contends that the encyclicals, pronouncements and other papal actions often cited by the traditionalists (e.g., the Inquisition, Pius IX's *Syllabus*) were contingent on specific historical situations, and are therefore subject to revision.

However, since there is no binding papal statement on the subject, the World Council study maintains that it is high time there should be one, "unencumbered," in the words of one Belgian Catholic theologian, "by the philosophical postulates of doctrinal liberalism and rationalism."

Concludes Dr. Carillo: "We believe that once this Roman Catholic opinion ceases to be only one of several admitted within Catholic orthodoxy and becomes the official attitude of the church itself, a practical agreement with the Roman Catholic Church on the real exercise of religious liberty in all countries will be possible."

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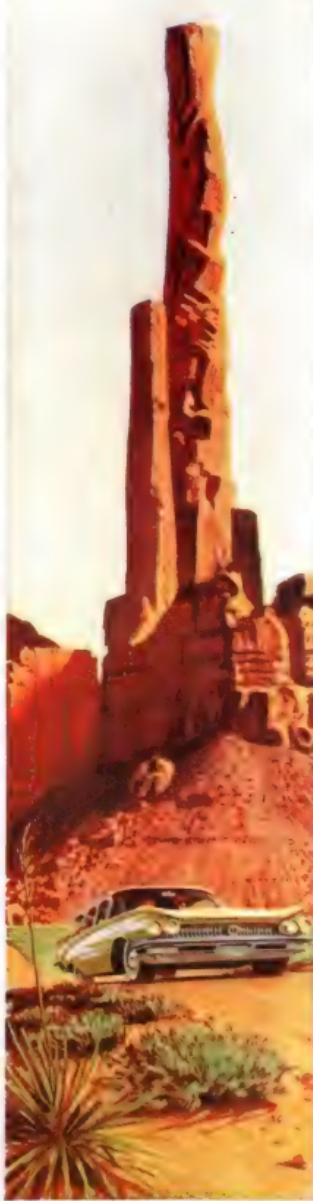
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SCIENCE

Voice in Space

The world has a new scout in the space between the planets. Its paddle-shaped solar batteries wheeling in the glaring sunlight of airless space, Pioneer V, a 9.4-8-lb. sphere only 26 in. in diameter, was the first interplanetary traveler with a far-ranging and long-lasting voice. If all goes well, scientists will be hearing from Pioneer V steadily for the next five months, then sporadically for years to come, as it swings back within range.

At five seconds past 8 a.m. one morning last week, the Thor-Able rocket took off from its pad at Cape Canaveral with a symmetrical gush of flame and climbed into the morning sky. Above the clouds, the second-stage rocket, the Able part of the act, took over and burned as scheduled. Unseen in space, four paddle-batteries sprang into position. At an altitude of 300 miles, the solid-propellant third stage fired and pushed its speed to 24,869 m.p.h.

Across the Atlantic in Britain, a young (34) American electronics expert, Bill Young, sat in a gadget-packed trailer parked near Jodrell Bank's giant radio telescope. The 250-ft. dish picked up the "woo-woo" signal from Pioneer V's 5-watt transmitter on schedule and swung slowly to track it through the sky. Bill Young listened. Twenty-seven minutes after the launch, when the rocket was about 5,000 miles above the earth's surface, he pressed a button that sent a radio impulse to the telescope's big dish and from there it was beamed into space. Pioneer V got the message. A switching device in its electronic insides shot an electric current through a fusible bolt. The bolt melted and released a spring. It pushed Pioneer V away from the third-stage rocket, whose burned-out carcass might otherwise interfere with efficient radio transmission.

Signal for Woo-Woo. Five minutes later, Bill Young sent another message, and Pioneer V obediently switched off its transmitter. Every hour on the half-hour Young turned the transmitter on and listened to its woo-woo sound for 12 minutes. Then he turned it off to permit the 4,800 silicon cells in Pioneer V's four "paddles" to recharge its storage batteries with solar-generated electricity. This routine was repeated successfully until the earth's rotation put Pioneer V below Jodrell Bank's horizon.

Pioneer V, part of a National Aeronautics and Space Administration experiment headed by rumppled, energetic Dr. Abe Silverstein, 51, was originally intended to send a probe to the close vicinity of Venus. The best time for the launch would have been last June. But the payload was not ready then, and a launch scheduled for December was canceled because of instrument failure. By March, Venus was far away, but NASA decided to shoot anyway. Though the Venus probe will never probe Venus intimately, it can (if all goes well) gather vital information about interplanetary space.

Slower Is Closer. To shoot at Venus or its orbit, a probe must be shot in the opposite direction to the motion of the earth on its orbit around the sun. Most of its speed will be expended in pulling away from the earth's gravitation. Any speed left over will be subtracted from the orbital speed (66,600 m.p.h.) that the probe had—as every mountain, building and man has—as part of the earth. Left behind in space with reduced speed, the probe will curve inward toward the sun. As it falls, it will pick up speed from the sun's gravitational field and will creep ahead of the earth. After a while, it will be moving fast enough to stop falling and to maintain itself in an eccentric solar orbit. The more backward speed the probe has when it clears the earth, the slower it will be moving around the sun and the farther it will fall toward the sun before it goes into a solar orbit. To fall all the way to Venus, whose orbit is 25 million miles inside the earth's, a probe would have to escape from the earth with a backward velocity of 5,670 m.p.h.

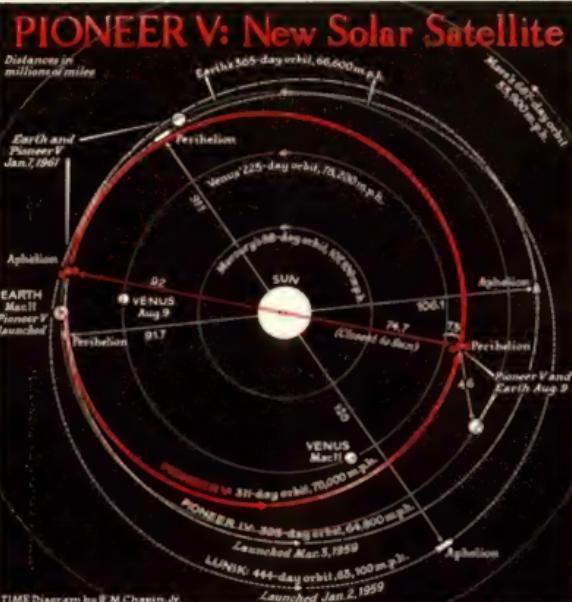
Pioneer V did not attain quite this speed, missing it by about 150 m.p.h. So instead of intersecting the orbit of Venus, it will stay about 7,500 miles outside. During each of its trips around the sun, which will take 311 days, Pioneer V will swing outward toward the earth's orbit. But only very rarely will the earth be there to meet it. NASA scientists estimate

that at least 100,000 years may have to pass before Pioneer V gets close enough to the earth to burn up in its atmosphere. But it is impossible to predict to what extent the orbit of Pioneer V will be disturbed by the gravitational pull of the earth and Venus.

Five Months Away. As Pioneer V curved toward the sun, the 5-watt transmitter performed perfectly, delivering reports from its sensing instruments: two radiotherapy counters, a magnetometer to feel for magnetic fields in space and a device to count micrometeorites. When Pioneer V recedes a few million miles from the earth, a 150-watt transmitter will take over. NASA scientists estimate that Jodrell Bank will be able to hear Pioneer V 50 million miles away. It will reach the limit of this range in about five months.

Two other space probes, one U.S. and the other Russian, have gone into solar orbits, but their radios went dead a few hundred thousand miles from the earth. Pioneer V's 150-watt transmitter is designed to work indefinitely. It will accumulate information in a recording device, send it in a five-minute burst, and then rest for five hours while the solar cells recharge its batteries. NASA scientists hope that it will still be transmitting in 1963 when Pioneer V will overtake the earth and again come within the 50 million-mile range.

Even if Pioneer V does not report except on its outward journey, it will yield information of great value. Many earth

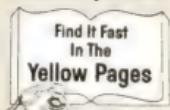




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satellites have reported on conditions near the earth. Six shots toward the moon (three U.S., three Russian) have delivered data about space near the earth-moon system. But space far from any planet is still unexplored. This outer space is presumably traversed by vast clouds of material shot out of the sun, and they may behave differently when not near a planet. Cosmic rays and micrometeorites may behave differently, too. There may be stray magnetic fields wandering free through empty space. The information Pioneer V can report about all these things will be essential when, years hence, man himself ventures on voyages between the planets.

Clock for the Space Age

For centuries, measuring time was simple. A day was one full rotation of the earth, and a second, the smallest unit needed, was 1/86,400th of a day. But as scientists' standards became more exacting, they were bothered by the fact that the earth's rotation fluctuates slightly from day to day and slows one second a century as tides and other influences slow the earth's spin. Such tiny variations become important in space-age problems. Example: plotting the position of a long-range missile, where widely separated stations have to coordinate their observations within millions of a second.

Looking around for a better measuring stick, scientists found that quartz can be made to vibrate electrically at very constant frequency. A quartz disk will keep time for short periods with the accuracy of one part in 10 billion (the equivalent of a one-second error in 300 years). But after a week or so, quartz changes its frequency in an unpredictable way.

Last week the National Bureau of Standards laboratories at Boulder, Colo. announced that it has settled on a system of time measurement that presumably will not change at all in thousands or millions of years. It is based on the convenient fact that atoms of cesium vibrate at an absolutely constant rate: about 9,200 million times per second. A cesium "clock" has neither a face nor hands. Instead, cesium atoms are shot down a vacuum tube, and radio waves are directed across the cesium beam. When the radio waves are at precisely the frequency at which cesium vibrates, they are absorbed. The operator of the cesium clock need only tune his waves until he gets absorption. Then he will know accurately the frequency (i.e., vibrations per second) of his waves, which can be displayed on an oscilloscope and used as a reference scale. In effect, the cesium clock permits scientists to chop time into exact fractions of microseconds.

Time measured by the rotation of the earth will continue to be used, in spite of its inconstancy, for catching trains or getting to the church on time. But the cesium clock will be the arbiter for super accuracy. It will have no cumulative drift and can be read with an error of less than three parts in 100 billion (one second in a thousand years).



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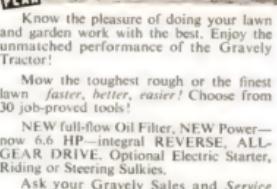


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TIME, MARCH 21, 1960



THE THEATER

New Musical on Broadway

Greenwillow (music and lyrics by Frank Loesser; book by Lesser Samuels and Mr. Loesser; based on B. J. Chute's novel) takes the composer of *Guys and Dolls* for a long ride—from a tough Manhattan of floating crap games to a quaint folk region of scampering rustics. An off-in-the-distance village, *Greenwillow* is also an out-of-the-past one and might conceivably be Rip Van Winkle country; its doings, at least, could put people to sleep for 20 years. It offers a woodsy, folksy, pixie world where people hear a devil's call to wander, where a stern ramrod reverend and a kindly polygamist share the same pulpit, where Anthony Perkins, as a beheaded wanderer's son, is afeared to marry his sweetheart, where people dart out of portable outhouses, or go in for bucolic frisks and nocturnal rituals, or pay such compliments as: "Cow has more but you are nicer."

Greenwillow's is a world, in short, where every day seems like Arbor Day and every night like Halloween, inhabited by people who are most often seen on calendars. Whatever the charm of *Greenwillow* the novel, the play is as vague in its storytelling as in its geography. It offers lovers but no proper love story, devils but no improper temptations, and the sort of artificially flavored language that tries to be folk poetry but turns out as horrible prose. Doubtless some people will think it delightful, but anyone with memories of a J. M. Synge must find its whimsies bogus, while people with memories of a J. M. Barrie should find its cuteness grim.

Against all this, the dancing helps little, for being too much in the same spirit; and the music does not help enough. Composer Loesser has written some pleasantly catchy tunes and some ringing, folksy choruses. But it is not first-rate Loesser, and it merely provides bright spots in an irritatingly dull evening.

New Play in Manhattan

Semi-Detached (by Patricia Joudry) concerned the occupants of a two-family Montreal house. It was a house divided by prejudice—by the sniftness and anti-Catholicism in an English-speaking family, by the rigidity and fear of worldly ways in a French-speaking one. For a while the play dribbled along in terms of trivial snags and snubs and slurs; then Playwright Joudry took to sounding louder and darker chords: tempers boiled over, a violin-playing hand was broken, the young girl in one house had a troubled love affair, a small boy was drowned.

Then, at last, the two families got all choked up with fellow-feeling. But by then the play itself was choked with clumsy staging, clumsier plotting and pleas for tolerance. The pleas were well meant, but the tragedy seemed as ill-founded as the bigotry, and a few sharp moments were lathered into a soap opera that closed at week's end.



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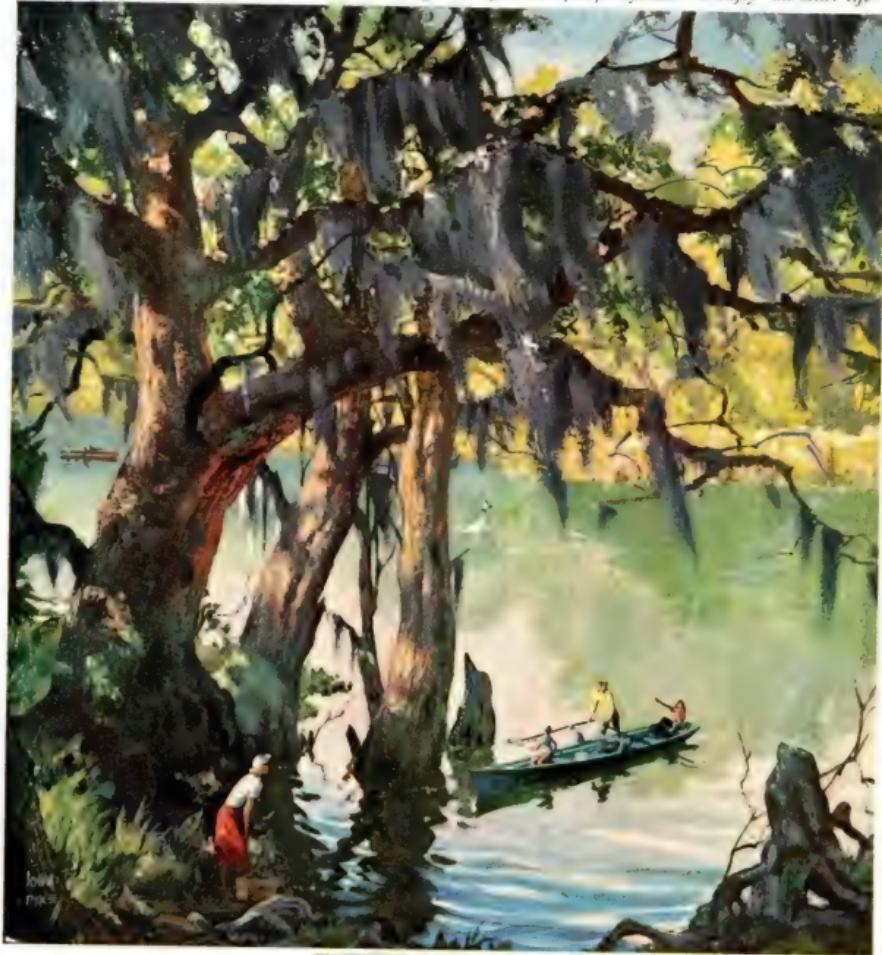
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MEDICINE

Plastic in the Brain

Doctors dread an embolus (from the Greek for a stopper), whether it be a blood clot, a blob of fat, or a bubble of air. An embolus can travel through an artery until it is caught at a narrow point, then shut off circulation to the tissues beyond. But last week two Georgetown University neurosurgeons reported that they had gone to a lot of trouble to make ultramodern emboli in the form of plastic pellets, and had used them to correct a brain defect.

The patient was a woman of 47 who for 15 years had had episodes of numbness and weakness in her right arm and leg, and some speech difficulty. The trouble, Drs. Alfred J. Luessenhop and William T. Spence decided, was that part of the brain, with an abnormal connection between arteries and veins, was getting too much blood from an enlarged artery. So they wanted an embolus to serve as a stopper in this artery.

In fact, they used four emboli, the surgeons reported in the *A.M.A. Journal*: tiny spheres of plastic (methyl methacrylate), with metal fragments inside to show up on X rays, and ranging from 2.5 mm. to 4.2 mm. in diameter. They opened the left side of the anesthetized patient's neck to expose the main branching of the carotid artery, principal supplier of blood to the brain. At 15-minute intervals they inserted successively larger plastic emboli. All came to rest at the base of the malformation, reducing its blood supply. The last and biggest pellet lodged for a while in a wrong spot and threatened trouble, but eventually settled just where the doctors wanted it. Seven weeks after surgery, the patient could write legibly with her right hand, had no more speech difficulty.

Muscle Molls

The pretty blonde graduate student sat on a metal stool, with both forearms on armrests attached to tables. Her left arm was free, but her right forearm was strapped to the rubber-cushioned rest, and she gripped a handle connected to a chain-and-wheel tackle from which hung 4 kg. (8½ lbs.) of lead. "Hold it as long as you can," ordered the thin, white-gowned woman pacing behind the test setup last week in an enclosed balcony of Lathrop Hall, women's gymnasium of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The coed, Marilyn Grabin, gritted her teeth and lifted the handle, got the weight up about eight inches.

"Hold it—use every ounce of your strength," said Dr. Frances Hellebrandt. Marilyn squirmed in her seat, her arm straining against the weight. As floodlights flicked on automatically and a press camera recorded her travail. Marilyn bent her head to the right, tucked her chin into the hollow of her shoulder. (Though Marilyn did not know it, there is sound scientific basis for easing tension this way. She hit upon it naturally. Some

subjects never learn it.) But no matter how hard she strained her right forearm's flexor muscle, the chain began to reel out link by link, letting the weight down. Dr. Hellebrandt, in the harshest voice she could muster, snapped: "Hang on to it!" Marilyn's face was contorted in what is officially recognized as the "agony phase." She could only gasp, "I can't," and let the weight drop.

Try the Opposite. Purpose of Wisconsin's muscle-moll project, undertaken in response to a plea from the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, is to learn more about how building up one set of muscles reacts on others in different parts of the body, and to apply this



Art Shaw
DR. HELLEBRANDT & VOLUNTEER GRABIN
As far as the agony phase.

knowledge in rehabilitation. Chicago-born Dr. Hellebrandt, 58, came out of retirement (after a distinguished career in physical medicine and rehabilitation) to head the project, enlisted 24 coeds, all physical-education majors, as subjects.

Cardinal tenet in Dr. Hellebrandt's theory is that if one set of muscles cannot be effectively exercised (as after paralytic polio, when one limb or one side of the body may be affected), it can nevertheless be built up by exercising healthy muscles near by, or the corresponding set on the opposite side. Significant evidence: one subject exercised her left forearm flexor, got a 70% increase in its strength, plus a 20% boost in its antagonist extensor muscle, and an amazing 130% in the unexercised right flexor and 50% in the right extensor.

Forget the Pain. Why? In everyday, nonstressful use of muscles, Dr. Hellebrandt holds, man leaves them largely under the control of his highest reasoning centers (in the cerebral cortex). But *in extremis*, as in the agony phase of exhaustion or in a crisis when a man finds the

superhuman strength to lift one corner of a heavy automobile to free his trapped child, the cortex shuts down and the primitive brain centers take over. It is in this state that Dr. Hellebrandt sees the crossover effect of muscle building, and that is why she pushes her coed volunteers to the agony phase. This may not be as bad as it sounds. Said one girl: "You feel some pain, but lifting the handle becomes more important than anything else. You forget the pain—you forget everything."

Man & Dog at Yale

Patrolman Philip Colwell was making a routine check of the treatment and disposal of stray dogs in New Haven when he found that the numbers did not jibe. Yale University's School of Medicine had bought as many as 1,700 dogs for research in a single year, all from nearby towns. But these communities had never reported having disposed of so many healthy strays in this manner. Colwell went off on a hot scent that led him, with a bloodhound assist from Connecticut state police, to the biggest dognapping scandal in the state's history. Last week the first court case came up.

Charged with practicing veterinary medicine without a license was Edward L. Iannucci, 45, listed as an assistant in research pathology in Yale's personnel directory, actually the man in charge of keeping and handling dogs for medical researchers. The accusation was that on moving dogs to Yale, he had given them injections of barbiturates to knock them out. Nub of the state's case was that Iannucci (who once ran something that he called the Junior Animal Shelter in Hamden, just outside New Haven) had bought animals from dog wardens in adjacent towns for \$2 or \$3 each, had then sold them to the Yale bureau of purchases, which knew nothing of their origin, for an average of \$7.

Other key defendant was John Ceccarelli, 33, former dog warden of North Branford, charged with fraud by a public officer. The state's case: Ceccarelli bought dogs from other wardens (again at \$2-\$3), sold them to Yale for \$7. Accused as primary suppliers in this neat racket were the dog wardens in surrounding towns. Warrants were out against eight of them, with more expected. Wardens get a uniform \$4 fee for each stray dog they destroy. Instead of killing the animals, say the police, the wardens sold them to Iannucci or Ceccarelli, reported them destroyed, and collected their fees from the towns—hence the charge of fraud by a public officer.

Despite a slight flush of embarrassment, Yale's School of Medicine was in the clear: its bureau of purchases had bought the dogs believing them to be genuine unclaimed strays. And the school will continue to get as many as it needs, from wardens elsewhere in the state. The question as to who could now get elected dogcatcher in the towns around New Haven is academic. In Connecticut, nobody is elected; each town's first selectman (equivalent to mayor) fills the office by appointment.

HIDDEN MASTERPIECES:

The Monastery of Poblet

AT the end of a winding road in the Prades mountains, inland from the ancient Spanish city of Tarragona, stands the Cistercian monastery of Poblet, a place that is hard to get to and equally difficult to leave behind. It was founded in the middle of the 12th century by monks imported from the Fontfroide monastery in France. As always with Cistercian monasteries, the monks had picked their site with a view to maintaining a balance between the spiritual and the useful. In the center of the main cloister bubbled a pure natural spring. The surrounding fields were and are fertile, and the blue and silver mountain peaks cupping the high valley lift the spirit as well. The Cistercians did full honor to the site with an architecture that was noble in scale, harmonious in proportion and austere in detail. Although partly in ruins, the place remains a serenely inspiring experience to the few tourists who reach it.

Seat & Refuge. History has also contributed to the quiet splendor of Poblet. Being fairly inaccessible, the region was the last Moorish stronghold in Catalonia. Don Ramon Bereguer IV, count of Barcelona, drove out the last Moors in 1149, immediately founded Poblet as a memorial and an example to the fierce mountaineers of the region. Within the next half century, Poblet became a geographical and spiritual fortress of the combined houses of Barcelona and Aragon, and the resting place of their heroes. A century later, Poblet was a focal point of Catalonia's losing war with Castile. Philip II, Hapsburg heir to the entire peninsula, built El Escorial, near Madrid, partly to overshadow the relatively provincial pantheon at Poblet. The venerable monastery fell from being a seat of kings to the function of being a place of refuge. In 1835 an antimонаstic revolution swept all Spain. Poblet's monks fled, leaving the monastery to live on in a sort of half existence as the hiding place of looters and thieves.

Forty full years passed before any guards were posted to protect what was left of the monastery. The monks returned at last, in 1940, found most of its greatest treasures, such as the tomb of Count Folch de Cardona's family with its 16th century bas-relief (*opposite*), had been mutilated. A superb object of contemplation even now, the relief symbolizes life after death through the story of Jonah and the whale. Jonah is shown spewed up from the whale's belly onto the life-strewn shore.

Unsung Milton. Life for the 50 Cistercians at Poblet last week was one of winter's cold, cold joys. In rooms where the temperature averaged about 40° F., they devoted almost all their labors to the printing of books in Latin, Castilian and Catalan. Their printing equipment was up to the minute, but the only stove stood glowing in the doorkeeper's lodge. To that lodge came now and again a flint-faced, intensely devout blacksmith from the neighboring hamlet of Esplugues de Francoli. He had helped to restore Poblet over the past two years, employing a craft knowledge inherited from Gothic times, which persists in Spain as nowhere else. Screens and iron chandeliers had come from Ramon Martí's hands. But it was with a crucifix for a Poblet chapel that Martí, a "mute, inglorious Milton" if there ever was one, had shown himself a son and proper heir of the early Gothic tradition at its most triumphant.

With precisely the same tools and materials he used to straighten plowshares and make fire irons for the local peasants, Martí had hammered out of glowing iron Christ in glory upon the cross, the cross concave, as if to concentrate its radiance upon the worshiper. Names issuing from the nailheads in the hands and feet.

For all its pomp and misery, Spain clearly is still a place of glory, stored in such hidden sites as Poblet and such hidden artists as the blacksmith Ramon Martí.





BAS RELIEF OF JONAH AND THE WHALE. ANONYMOUS (16TH CENTURY)

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Phillips Petrol'm	Union Oil	South'n Nat. Gas
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Reverent Grandfather

By his own admission, Manhattan's opinion-making Museum of Modern Art Director Alfred Barr once thought Impressionist Claude Monet was "just a bad example." But five years ago, he looked again, changed his mind, and pronounced him grandfather of abstract impressionism (a phrase for the softer side of abstract expressionism). To honor grandfather, the Modern last week opened a stunning, 110-landscape show that began with postcard-like seascapes in the manner of Boudin and ended with the wide, conflated color vistas Monet drew from the depths of his private water garden 50 miles from Paris in the last years before his death in 1926.

The Modern displayed Monet's light-filled canvases in series devoted to a single theme—a haystack, a line of poplars, a cliff jutting into the sea, a cathedral. Guy de Maupassant described him at work: "No longer a painter, in truth, but a hunter. He proceeded, followed by children who carried his canvases, five or six canvases representing the same subject at different times of day and with different effects. He took them up and put them aside in turn, following the changes in the sky . . . I have seen him thus seize a glittering shower of light on the white cliff . . . On another occasion he took a downpour beating on the sea in his hands and dashed it on the canvas."

Seen grouped as he painted them and as he wanted them to be seen, Monet's canvases revealed that his vision of reality was not single, but manifold. Nine paintings of haystacks derived strength in combination both from their sameness and their differences, made any one canvas, taken singly, seem incomplete.

The abstractness of his last pictures, which crowned 70 years of dedicated work, make Monet a supposedly transitional figure. He would have denied it. Though half-blinded by cataracts in both eyes toward the end of his career, he was concerned more than ever with the most evanescent effects in nature. The swift slashings of the abstract expressionists shut out what Monet so reverently embraced. Last week's exhibition made plain—as the Modern had perhaps not intended—that Monet has no heir.

Market Notes: Manhattan

For some years Franz Kline has been turning out slashing black-and-white caligraphs bigger than a man. Most critics and the bearded young espresso-sippers of Greenwich Village place him on the top shelf of the abstract-expressionist hierarchy. Last Monday Kline's first show in two years opened at Manhattan's Sidney Janis Gallery. Eager buyers were beating at the gallery doors as early as 8:30 a.m., swarmed in to inspect his new abstractions, including some (uncharacteristically for Kline) in flamboyant color. Long before the official opening at 4 p.m., buyers had snapped up 14 of the 15 huge canvases, at prices ranging from \$8,500 to \$14,000 each.



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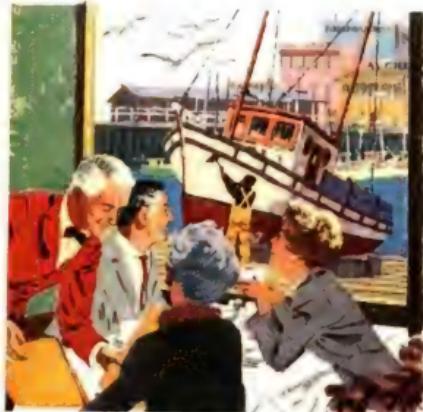
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Can-Can (Suffolk-Cummings: 20th Century-Fox). "Immoral!" blustered Russia's Nikita Khrushchev, after he saw a cabaret scene from the \$6,000,000 cinematic during his visit to Hollywood (TIME, Sept. 28, 1959). Encouraged by Critic Khrushchev's generous prerelease publicity and confident of the picture's substantial "production values"—Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Todd-AO, and

sweaty predecessor of the striptease, with a name that is one of the more notorious puns in the French language.

What's more, the characters and the plot have got pretty well snarled up in the camera. Star Sinatra plays a Parisian *avocat* with the usual lively avocation but his tired voice and gestures may suggest to moviegoers who have seen his recent films that Sinatra is setting in. Star MacLaine, who with better direction has handled herself like an American Kay Kendall, seems little better in this picture than a female Jerry Lewis. In fact, the only thing really worth seeing is Juliet Prowse, a young South African hoover who puts some twinkle in the stub-toed choreography. And the only thing really worth hearing is the crack that Frank slips back at Juliet when she whips a redoubtable hip in his direction: "Don't point," he gasps. "It's rude."

Sink the Bismarck (20th Century-Fox). The episode of the *Bismarck* was one of the more peculiar and dramatic sea fights of World War II. On May 21, 1941, the day after the German invasion of Crete the 45,000-ton battleship *Bismarck* was reported steaming out of the Kattegat into the North Sea, escorted by the heavy cruiser *Prinz Eugen*. Two days later, the pride of the Nazi navy was sighted speeding south toward the shipping lanes of the open Atlantic. Two British ships of the line engaged her. *Bismarck* quickly sank H.M.S. *Hood*, the biggest ship in the British battle fleet, and battered *Prince of Wales* so badly that she steamed out under a smoke screen.

Could *Bismarck* reach a safe port in Occupied France? Once there, she could come out as she pleased and cut the vital chain of convoys to the British Isles. In desperation the Royal Navy closed in and for two hours pounded the German giant with everything it had. At last, six days after she was sighted in the Kattegat, *Bismarck* was sunk, but only by the combined efforts of three battleships, four battle cruisers, two aircraft carriers, eleven cruisers, 10 destroyers and a number of shore-based planes. The German surface fleet never again effectively challenged Britannia's claim to rule the waves.

For the most part the episode is competently and even vividly recounted in this film financed by Fox but produced in England by John Brabourne, the 75-year-old son-in-law of Earl Mountbatten, Britain's Chief of Defense Staff. Exceptions noted: the hero (Kenneth More) is just a gold-striped cliché, and the heroine (Dana Wynter), in view of the urgent need to sink the *Bismarck*, spends an almost treasonable amount of time trying to float her own office romance.

The Wind Cannot Read (Rank-Warner), but unfortunately the actors in this picture can, and some of the lines they are required to read in the two-hour



DANCER PROWSE
(Courtesy of Rank)

some fulgid color photography—Fox decided to release *Can-Can* as a reserved-seat (\$1.50-\$2.00) attraction, and expects it to do as well as *Grease* did on the same basis. Unhappily, many U.S. moviegoers will discover that Russian standards in these matters do not coincide with their own. *Can-Can* is not immoral. It is merely dull.

The film only casually resembles the Broadway hit musical of 1953. To begin with, several of the songs are different. Since the Cole Porter score produced no more than two memorable tunes (*I Love Paris, It's All Right with Me*), Producer Jack Cummings shrewdly decided to ring in some old Porter favorites (*You Do Something to Me, It Was Just One of Those Things, Let's Do It*). But the old favorites don't make much sense in their new context, and, anyway, they are baldly sung. Some of the dances are different, too: the can-can, as it is canned in this picture, is a more sanitary matter than the original Parisian routine—a noisy,



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course of a sudsy story about love and death in wartime India are guaranteed to give even the heartiest glutton for sentimental punishment a proper case of Delhi belly.

He (Dirk Bogarde) is a girlishly handsome lieutenant in British intelligence, and she (Yoko Tani) is a boyishly plain instructor of Japanese. After school the twain meet by an old palace. "Be there a heaven here on earth," he reads soulfully from an inscription, "it is this, it is this, it is this." She giggles. He calls her "Sabby" (short for *sabishii*, the Japanese word for sad) because of "the lost, lonely, *sabishii* look in [her] eyes." She giggles. He announces with throbbing voice that she is "the most beautiful woman [he has] ever known." The audience giggles. She bites his ear. "I do

love ears." He kisses her nose. "I do love nose."

They keep on like that, and pretty soon they decide to get married. But even after they set up housekeeping, Sabby still looks *sabishii*, and every time she listens to music she gets a hammering headache—a fact that alarms the hero but seems only natural to the audience, which has for some time been painfully aware of the shriekingly romantic sound track. "I'm awr right, honestr," she assures the hero cutely. But to the experienced moviegoer, who will have assumed from the start that anybody who commits *cinemisegregation* is in for a hard time, those headaches are sure symptoms of a brain tumor. "*Sabishii*," the hero murmurs piteously at her deathbed; "*sabishii!*" He's so right.

MILESTONES

Married. Princess Padmavati Raje, 19, daughter of western India's Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior; and Maharaja Kirit Bikram of Tripura, 23, powerless (since India's independence in 1947) chief of a small, warrior-caste state in northeast India; in a Bombay ceremony that was preceded by a two-mile-long procession of brass bands, clowns, torch bearers and lancers, was attended by a brigade of India's richest princes, saw an exchange of gifts valued at some \$1,000,000.

Married. Takako Suganomiya (meaning: noble, pure), Princess Suga, 21, jazz-loving daughter (youngest of five) of Japan's Emperor Hirohito; and Hisanaga Shimazu, 25, tall, thin, \$50-a-month bank clerk; in a 20-minute Shinto ceremony in a Tokyo restaurant attended by Hirohito, Empress Nagako and Crown Prince Akihito, followed by a Western reception complete with cake and cutting.

Married. Sterling Hayden, 43, frog-faced cinemadventurer (*The Eternal Sea*) and seafarer who, defying a court order, took his four children to Tahiti on his 88-ft. schooner (*The Wanderer*), got a suspended sentence on his return; and Catherine McCon nell, 28, Manhattan socialite divorcee; he for the third time, she for the second; in Sausalito, Calif.

Died. Betty Hicks Lanza, 37, widow of Tenor Mario Lanza, who died of a heart attack at 38 last October; of unknown cause (autopsy pending); in Beverly Hills.

Died. Arnold M. Johnson, 53, Chicago-born tycoon who worked his way up from a \$75-a-month broker's apprenticeship to the vice-presidency of Chicago's City National Bank & Trust Co., later (1954) bought (for \$3,500,000) the Philadelphia Athletics and moved the team to Kansas City; of a stroke; in West Palm Beach.

Died. John Harlan Amen, 61, mild-mannered New York and U.S. attorney who used antitrust laws to fight rackets

and won more than 250 convictions from 1928 to 1938, investigated corruption in Brooklyn and exposed scores of gangland policemen, judges, lawyers, and three assistant district attorneys, also served as counsel during the Nuremberg trials, then was a Truman appointee to the Federal Loyalty Review Board; of a perforated ulcer; in Manhattan.

Died. Roy Chapman Andrews, 76, dashing explorer, naturalist, author (*Meet Your Ancestors*), who sailed the seven seas in search of whales, led a series of expeditions (from 1916 to 1932) into uncharted areas of Asia, came back from the Gobi Desert with 70 million-year-old dinosaur eggs and fossils from the world's biggest land mammal (the *baluchitherium*), became director of Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History; of a heart attack; in Carmel, Calif.

Died. Roy Knabenshue, 83, aviation pioneer, member of the famed "Early Birds" (among others: Orville Wright, Igor Sikorsky, Glenn Martin), first to fly (in 1904) a motor-controlled airship in the U.S.; in Los Angeles.

Died. Jean Puy, 84, French painter who, with Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck and Braque, launched the style of vivid colors and simplified shapes, created such a scandal at the famed 1905 *Salon d'Automne* exhibition that they were dubbed *Les Fauves* (the wild beasts); in Roanne, France.

Died. Marie Janson Spaak, 86, Belgium's first female member of Parliament (elected in 1921, retired in 1958), vivacious focal point of the country's most illustrious political family, which included her father, Liberal Party Leader Paul Janson; her brother, onetime Prime Minister Paul-Emile Janson; her son, NATO Secretary-General Paul-Henri Spaak; also a former Prime Minister, who once addressed the Belgian Senate as "Mother, Ladies and Gentlemen"; in Brussels.

THEY COULDN'T TURN BACK...THEY WOULDN'T GIVE UP

Wausau Story

in ESCANABA

ON MICHIGAN'S UPPER PENINSULA

by HENRY HARNISCHFEGER President,
the Harnischfeger Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



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At Birds Eye Veneer Company, an Employers Mutuals' policyholder for over 25 years, there's a continuation of Escanaba's original woodworking industry. Here men push the huge

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Easier Money?

"I'm worried about the stock market," said Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. last week. "People might put it out of perspective. It's conceivable they could attach more importance to it economically than it really has, though I have no evidence of that yet."

Martin's concern was shared by many as the market fell lower. But at midweek, having fallen steadily for seven days to dip below 600 on the Dow-Jones industrial index for the first time in more than a year, the market staged a short-lived rally. It recovered a gain at week's end to close at 605.83, off just 3.06 for the week.

While there was a great deal of bearishness in Wall Street, there was still a strong difference of opinion about where the market was going. Many a broker felt that the decline had strengthened the market's stability by improving the price-earnings ratio of stocks and narrowing the spread in yields between stocks and bonds. (The spread has also been narrowed by the comeback of the bond market, which has caused the biggest drop in most bond yields in more than a year.) The market itself, having cleared its head of overoptimism, is now taking a more realistic look at business prospects for 1960.

These would be affected in some measure by the policies set by the Federal Reserve. From Martin last week came a significant statement that demand for credit

so far this year had not been "quite as large as anticipated." This seemed to businessmen to imply that the Federal Reserve, recognizing that there will be no runaway boom, might now ease credit so that U.S. businessmen can more readily find funds for orderly growth. It is unlikely to take any big measures to ease the money market, which has already begun to ease on its own; but it can easily bring about a further relaxation by permitting member banks to borrow more. This could lead to a reduction of interest rates, encourage heavier business spending, especially in construction.

After the Snow Melts...

To describe the mood of the U.S. economy last week, businessmen were telling the story of two Vermont farmers.

Said the first: "Did you sell them pigs yet?"

"Yep."

"Get as much as you expected?"

"Nope," came the reply, "but I didn't expect to."

Many businessmen candidly admitted that they had been guilty of a little Vermont optimism in year-end forecasts for 1960, and are now revising their estimates. Even with the revisions, they still expect 1960 to be the most productive year in U.S. history.

President John F. Smith Jr. of Inland Steel Co. estimated that 1960 steel-industry production will hit 120 to 125 million tons, down from his earlier forecast of 130 million, but still way above the previous record of 117 million tons in 1955. "Caution is in the wind," said Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. Chairman Avery C. Adams, "because there are a few tangible signs that the early 1960 targets for the economy as a whole were set too high." Nevertheless, he expects that his company, fourth biggest steelmaker, will set records for 1960 sales and profits.

Borg-Warner President Robert Inger-

soll trimmed his estimate for the company's 1960 sales by 5%, but it is still 5% more than 1959, when sales hit \$650 million. Said Ingersoll: "The most encouraging sign at Borg-Warner, from the point of view of the economy as a whole, is that capital expenditures will be the largest in the company's history, \$37 million, up from \$20 million in 1959."

For all major industries, spending was on the rise. The Commerce Department's survey of capital spending showed outlays rising 14% above last year's to a total \$37 billion during 1960. By the fourth quarter, spending for new plants and equipment will be at the record annual rate of \$38.5 billion (see chart).

The two major factors that have helped upset earlier estimates of the 1960 boom are the weather and the decline in the stock market. Said Virgil Martin, president of Chicago's Carson Pirie Scott & Co.: "The weather has been violently bad, and everybody has been disturbed psychologically by the stock market dip. Even people who are not in the market are affected. It's the headlines." In the New York area, severe snowstorms cut heavily into department stores' sales, forced them down 25% for the week ended March 5. Blizzards caused sales to drop 25% in St. Louis, 31% in Boston. Across the nation the drop was 17% below the 1959 level. A blizzard closed most businesses in Atlanta last week, forced many department stores to postpone sales. Sighed one auto dealer: "A man has to be pretty desperate to shovel his



INDIANAPOLIS SNOWDRIFTS



QUINCY, ILL. NEW-CAR PILE-UP



BALTIMORE TROLLEY TIE-UP



MANHATTAN SNOWSCAPE
A change in the economy, or just the weather?



ATLANTA TRUCK JAM

way into a dealer's showroom." Another factor: Easter will fall three weeks later this year than in 1959, postponing much retail buying. Sears, Roebuck President Charles Kellstadt said Sears is having an unimpressive first quarter, but he still expects sales in 1960 to be as good as last year. Said he: "We'll have to wait a while to see whether there's been an underlying change in the economy or whether it's just been all this snow."

The newest figures from Washington showed no underlying change. Personal income for February is expected to set a new record, topping the \$393.3 billion seasonally adjusted annual rate set in January. Employment figures, another key barometer, are expected to show that in February, unemployment dropped below the 5% mark for the first time since last June. In a reversal of the normal seasonal pattern, the figures are expected to show a decline in unemployment and an increase in employment during February.

Compact's Impact

Every automaker knows that the compact cars have boosted overall auto sales, but no one has been sure just what effect they have had on the market for standard-size cars. Last week Detroit had enough figures to show that the compact has been an unreserved blessing for some, a mixed blessing for others. Imports were feeling compact competition, were down from 11.5% of car sales in August 1959 to 8.7% last month. Items:

¶ Ford's Falcon, bestseller of the Big Three compacts, seems to be feeding off the regular-size Ford market. Ford's sales in January and February totaled 223,000 cars, up 3,000 from 1959's first two months, but 69,000 of those sales were Falcons. Result: sales of the regular Ford fell from 209,000 cars in January and February of 1959 to 143,000 this year. The Falcon now accounts for 33% of the Ford division's business.

¶ Chevrolet's Corvair, though not making the impact of the Falcon, appears to have found new market all its own. In January and February last year Chevrolet's sales totaled 230,000 cars; this year it has sold 267,000 cars, but only 35,000 of them were Corvairs. Thus, the regular Chevy is selling at about the same rate as last year, while the Corvair, accounting for 13% of the division's sales, is all extra business.

¶ Chrysler's Valiant is selling well, but comparisons have been thrown out of kilter by the surprising success of the company's middle-size Dart, which now accounts for 85% of the Dodge division's sales. For Chrysler Corp., this means an expansion of its market (its sales are up 48% over last year, when a glass strike crippled production), but it also means headaches for Plymouth. Many Plymouth customers are switching to Darts, buying them so fast that last month the Dart actually outsold the Plymouth, onetime mainstay of the company.

Although overall car production this week is scheduled for 9% above last week, some plants, e.g., Buick, Plymouth and regular-size Ford, have trimmed production. Since the end of the steel strike, fac-



pets a 6.6 million-car U.S. year, including 500,000 imports. Said Chevrolet Boss Ed Cole, just back from a two-week nationwide tour of dealers: "I am sure that 1960 will see sales in the U.S. in the area of 7,000,000 cars." American Motors' George Romney, whose plants are running round the clock to meet orders, still stuck to his prediction that car sales will run between 7,000,000 and 7.5 million this year—and that one in every three sales will be a small car.

WALL STREET Notions About Natus

There is nothing stock traders and tape watchers like better than a good rumor—the wilder the better. Last week Wall Street heard a pack of them, all concerning Natus Corp. (formerly National-U.S. Radiator Corp.). First reports had Natus merging with Glasspar, a major fiber-glass-boat maker. Another version was that NAFLI, which spurted to new highs when it acquired Chris-Craft, the nation's leading motorboat builder (TIME, Feb. 15) was buying into Natus. Only one thing was certain: there was a rush to buy Natus.

In one day the stock, which traded only a total of 280,000 shares during all of last year, traded 140,000 shares and was the most active stock on the Exchange. It rose 5½ points to a new high of 21½. The next day telegrams signed Bertram Goldsmith were sent to brokers telling them to buy Natus stock in his name. Night letters were also received by ten major newspapers in six cities, saying that one James T. Ross, described as a vice president of a national bank, was buying Natus stock for his account. Natus opened at 22, quickly jumped to 25. So frenzied was the rush to climb aboard the rumor wagon that trading was halted

TIME CLOCK

TOUGHER ANTITRUST POLICY will be adopted by Justice Department. Unless a company admits to guilt, thus facilitating suits for damages by private parties, state or local governments, Acting Antitrust Chief Robert A. Bicks will refuse to enter into a consent decree.

SATELLITE CONTRACTS worth \$283 million were awarded to Lockheed Aircraft Corp. by the Air Force. Major \$160 million contract is for Samos, the Air Force's global surveillance satellite system. And \$52 million will go for Midas, the infra-red detection system to report trails of heat from enemy missiles in flight, and \$71 million for Discoverer, the space-probe program.

CORPORATE LUXURY resort will be built along Colorado's White River by Elliott Roosevelt and two Denver businessmen. Limited to 500 companies, membership will cost \$10,000, plus \$90 per month dues. Called the All Seasons Club, posh, 250-room

hotel is designed for expense-account entertaining, will feature golf course, ski lift, and big-game hunting.

NEW CONSTRUCTION in 1960s will require \$900 billion for building and services, predicts F. W. Dodge Corp. Total new construction, now running about \$55 billion a year, will rise to at least \$65 billion by 1970.

MANAGEMENT CHANGE is expected at Brown Co., a major New England paper and pulp maker, whose earnings have been failing. Thomas Mellon Evans, who took over Chicago's Crane Co. (TIME, May 11), has acquired an important stock interest in Brown.

CANNED ANNUAL REPORTS were mailed to 96,000 stockholders by American Can Co., first time a report has been sent in one of the company's own products. It was enclosed in a tube similar to one that usually holds biscuit dough.



ROSE MARSHALL

Champion of the Old-Fashioned

MARGARET RUDKIN

IN the folklore of the U.S. food industry, mouths water and registers jingle when any product—from maple syrup to dog biscuits—is endowed with the nostalgic aura of the "old-fashioned." No one has better succeeded in transforming that folklore into fact than trim, green-eyed Margaret Rudkin, 62, founder and president of Pepperidge Farm Inc., the largest U.S. independent baking company. Maggie Rudkin—as she is styled in her company's homey TV ads—brought old-fashioned bread back to U.S. dinner tables in mass-production fashion, thereby hiked her way into a \$40-million-a-year business, which turns out 57 bakery products, employs 1,500 people in six plants. This week Mrs. Rudkin, a frequent guest lecturer at the Harvard Business School, is in France to tell students at the European Institute of Business Administration how to be successful while breaking all the rules.

Maggie Rudkin speaks from experience. The attractive, red-haired wife of Henry Rudkin, a prosperous Wall Street broker, she lived a life of ease and social grace on their Pepperidge Farm (named after pepperidge, or black gum, trees on the property) near Fairfield, Conn. Then in the mid-1930s, the youngest of her three sons became ill with asthma. An admitted "nut on proper food for children," Mrs. Rudkin knew that asthma is an allergy, was nonetheless convinced that she could help her son by building him up. She dug out a whole-wheat-bread recipe left by her Irish grandmother, packed her baking pan with its old-fashioned ingredients—stone-milled flour (to save the vitamins lost in modern milling), honey, molasses, natural-sugar syrup, rich milk, cream and butter.

THE first few loaves were as heavy as lead, but Maggie soon got the knack. The bread seemed to help Mark's health, and his allergist asked her to make some for other patients. Mrs. Rudkin began making batches in her kitchen with the help of a servant, then set up a small bakery in the farm's abandoned stable, added white bread made from unbleached flour for patients who could not take much roughage in their diet.

The fame of both breads spread by word of mouth, and orders poured in from doctors and from neighbors who preferred its taste and texture to that of the day's spongy, artificially fortified

bread. Then Maggie Rudkin made a fateful decision. She had no manufacturing training or experience, no capital, and a product that sold for 25¢ v. only 10¢ for a loaf of regular bread. "Fortunately," she says, "I was too ignorant to know about these matters." She put a loaf of bread and some butter in a package, took a train to Manhattan and walked into Charles & Co., specialty grocers. There, she generously buttered a slice, thrust it at the manager. He ordered 24 loaves a day. Mrs. Rudkin had her husband tote them on the train daily into Grand Central, where he paid a reedep to deliver them to Charles & Co.

Soon other stores were clamoring for the bread. Maggie Rudkin lined up distributors, borrowed \$15,000 capital, later rented two Norwalk, Conn., buildings for a bakery. With the help of husband Henry, she kept the business under family control by financing growth out of earnings, which will reach an estimated \$1,250,000 this year. In 1947 they built a modern bakery in Norwalk, floated \$450,000 worth of preferred stock (since retired) to get the cash. Maggie Rudkin shrewdly sent representatives to medical conventions, played up her bread's healthful qualities.

Today, Pepperidge Farm delivers 1,200,000 loaves of bread a week through 500 distributors and some 50,000 stores. Mrs. Rudkin still controls the bread as carefully as if it were baked in her own kitchen. A benevolent perfectionist, she has restored four old gristmills to get the stone-ground flour she favors. When she was faced with the problem of what to do with bread returned after two days in the store (the maximum allowed by the company), she used a typical housewife's solution: she made it into poultry stuffing, is now one of the biggest stuffing makers. Mrs. Rudkin has also branched out into cookies, brown-and-serve rolls (which she at first opposed as too much bother), and a new line of frozen pastries.

Decisions are made by a family council consisting of Mrs. Rudkin, her husband, and sons Henry Jr., 36, and William, 34, both vice presidents. Henry Rudkin became company chairman gradually retired from Wall Street; when people ask him if he is still in the Street, he likes to quip: "No, I'm in the dough." Mrs. Rudkin is just as enthusiastic about baking today as when she started in her own kitchen. She is full of plans for expanding her products, would even like to move into Europe "to show them how to make good bread."

for two hours to match buy and sell orders. Natus traded a phenomenal 379,600 shares, 11% of the exchange's volume for the day, closed at 22½.

Even a statement by Natus Corp. Chairman William T. Golden did little to silence the rumors. Golden said that since Natus sold its assets to the Crane Co. last February, it has \$10 million to buy new companies, but no deals are on. Said Golden: "It is nonsense to pay more than the \$17 per share book value for Natus stock, and it's sheer madness to buy first and look afterwards." Shields & Co., the Wall Street brokerage house that controls NAFL, denied that it was buying into Natus.

At week's end, with Natus down to 20½, Paul Windels Jr., regional administrator for the Securities and Exchange Commission, announced that the trading was under investigation. He identified the men who, he charged, had tried to manipulate the stock by sending the telegrams as Bertram Goldsmith and J. T. Ross and their firm as Goldsmith & Ross. They have been charged, said Windels, under the antifraud provisions of the Securities and Exchange Act.

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Hard Sell

To give exports a big boost, the Administration this week got ready to unwrap a new plan to help U.S. business find new markets overseas. What the new plan represents is a real change in Washington's thinking: instead of merely standing by to assist American businessmen who themselves initiate export plans and inquiries, the U.S. Government has decided on a hard sell to push exports.

The plan is a savvy blend of old and new. The major innovation—and the most important part of the program—is a Government guarantee of short-term credit for exporters against nonbusiness losses such as those due to war or new foreign-currency curbs. For a small sum, U.S. banks financing exports will be able to buy insurance against nonbusiness risks. Since the banks are traditionally wary of the capriciousness of foreign business climates, U.S. exporters have frequently required their customers to arrange their own financing. For the foreign buyer this can be expensive (interest rates abroad are as high as 36%), may lead him to buy from a German or British manufacturer who already enjoys short-term credit guarantees from his government. Under the new plan, the U.S. Export-Import Bank will offer the U.S. businessman the same short-term service, put him on an equal footing with his biggest competitors abroad. The bank itself may also extend one to five-year loans.

To help businessmen spot potential customers, the number of commercial attaches in U.S. embassies and consular stations abroad will be increased in the next three years by 125 to 160 men.

Trade missions of U.S. businessmen abroad will be increased. At some 13 international trade fairs set for this year,



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the U.S.'s Government-sponsored exhibits will switch their pitch. Heretofore the fairs were largely used to promote the American way of life. Now the Government is determined to sell U.S. goods, along with the American way.

The Hong Kong Bull

The stock market in Hong Kong, unlike other exchanges in the world, thrives on ill fortune. As one of the last citadels of free enterprise, Chinese businessmen, the market turns bullish when the political situation elsewhere is too shaky for Chinese investments. The market soared in 1949 when Shanghai bankers arrived, suitcases crammed with currency, only steps ahead of the Communist armies. It was soaring again last week. Reasons: 1) the waves of discrimination against Chinese merchants, which are rippling across Southeast Asia, and 2) high taxes that make investments in Singapore and Malaya unprofitable. Worried about their future, Chinese from Manila to Bangkok are smuggling out their money to Hong Kong.

Under the impact of the sudden influx of cash, the Hong Kong market has surged upward in the past three months, now averages a \$1,000,000-a-day turnover, more than three times the preboom volume. Hottest listing on the board, which contains only local stocks is Kowloon Docks, which last week declared a 35¢ dividend and \$1.40 bonus, at once leaped to \$16.47, a week's gain of \$3.68. Other active stocks are local telephone and textile companies.

The first exchange was founded in Hong Kong as an all-British club in the 1890s. Later another exchange was organized, and gradually Chinese gained admittance to both. After World War II the two exchanges were merged into the present 60-seat establishment, which is dominated by the 45 Chinese members and guided by Chairman Noel Croucher, a 69-year-old Briton who has been active in Hong Kong trading since 1913. Despite the fact that Hong Kong is a cutthroat market, Croucher contends that it is a safe place for money, if all the risks of stock speculation are taken into account. He has never heard of a Chinese broker who "went back on his word or broke his bond."

AVIATION Desegregating the Airlines

A pretty Long Island Negro named Patricia Banks, 20, was among the fledgling stewardesses in Manhattan's Grace Downs Air Career School's graduating class in September 1956. Capital Airlines, which gets first pick of Grace Downs graduates, interviewed Patricia for a job, marked her application "see again." When Patricia tried to see Capital again, she was told that Capital never reinterviewed. She took her case to New York's State Commission Against Discrimination, watchdog of New York's civil rights law, passed at Governor Tom Dewey's urging 15 years ago.

Last week Capital was ordered to hire Miss Banks, after an informal attempt failed to persuade the line to give her a stewardess' job and thereby avoid a legal



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"What do you know?" sputtered the mountaineer, "The good Lord's gone and done it again."

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We purposely make the kind of bourbon that takes a heap of aging. We're in the "old-age" whiskey business as evidenced by the fact that we have more storage space in proportion to production than anyone in our industry.

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So we're emptying these barrels into gentled antique bottles labeled *Very Old Fitzgerald*, wrapping them in soft tissue inside a handsome gift box, and offering them on a "this-is-all-for-now" basis. Labels may be personalized if you desire.

If you are one of the inner circle whose mature tastes have already discovered *OLD FITZGERALD*, this miracle whiskey is for you. We'd sooner it finds its way into your glass than be wasted on anyone unable to appreciate truly fine bourbon.

Should you not be able to find *Very Old Fitzgerald* available, please write me personally. I will set aside a modest amount so long as it lasts, then arrange delivery through the retailer of your choice.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Aged 8 Years
Made in U. S. A.

order—as TWA had done two years ago when a similar complaint was filed against it. Capital not only denied discrimination against Miss Banks, but argued that New York State had no jurisdiction since Capital's home office is in Washington, D.C.

The commission brushed both arguments aside. It found that Capital's chief hostess who interviewed Patricia had marked her application "B+", which means "accepted for future employment." "The chief hostess," found the commission, "changed it to see again at the direction of the director of passenger service." The commission's conclusion: "We entertain no doubt that Miss Banks would have been reinterviewed and employed, had she been white." Since Capital does a "substantial amount of its business in the State of New York" and conducts some 22 pre-employment procedures there, the commission argued that it has jurisdiction. Capital got 30 days in which to hire Patricia Banks as a stewardess or face contempt proceedings in New York courts. Of all the major U.S. airlines, only TWA and Mohawk have hired Negro stewardesses, two all told.

HOUSING

Fun From FHA

A 2,000-house project that will pioneer a major new trend in U.S. home building was started last week in Florida's Dade County, ten miles south of Miami. The Sunset Park project will be the first in the nation to take advantage of the Federal Housing Authority's new program for cooperative housing. Under the plan, recreational areas must be built along with the houses. At Sunset Park buyers of \$13,500-\$16,000 homes will also own part of a community building and a recreation area with an Olympic-sized swimming pool, tennis, handball, basketball and badminton courts, a Little League diamond, shuffleboard and a barbecue area. The builders, Heftler Heftler, Inc. and Dallas Centex Construction Co., estimate that the cost will be \$12 more per year on each mortgage in the project, says Builder Heftler. This is the solution to people's battles with local government over the establishment of a recreation area.

None are the bad old postwar days when the demand for houses was so great that builders could quickly put up almost any kind of house and sell out. Today's projects require much better planning and the trend is toward a self-contained community. The new FHA program not only gives the home owner a more desirable community, but makes it easier for the builder to sell his houses.

The Benefits of Bigness. While many builders have steered away from the FHA cooperative program because they are too small to cope with the red tape and financing complications, Heftler is a big enough builder to thrive on it. In 1959 he built 50% of his homes under the program that requires buyers to sign up before their homes are constructed, lay out 5% of the purchase price in cash. Heftler has succeeded because his large



Builder Heftler
Gone are the bad old days.

volume allows him to arrange favorable financing, absorb costs that smaller builders cannot afford. He gets a 6% to 7% discount on building materials and can afford to take a 5% profit on a \$12,500-\$16,000 house vs. 10% for a small builder. Heftler, along with Centex Construction Co. and Arizona's John Long (TIME, May 18), is among the top three builders in the U.S.

New York City-born, Heftler left school to serve in the infantry during World War II, started his building career in 1945 with \$100,000. (Today he is worth \$10 million.) After building Government housing projects in Detroit, Indianapolis, and Fort Sheridan, Ill., he bought large tracts of land in California built 3,000 houses in six projects there. Heftler claims he has never lost money on a deal. Says he: "The guys who have lost money are the ones who thought they could pioneer in a wilderness. We always stay in areas where housing is in demand."

After the Florida boom began, he started building there, decided that his market was for the young home owner, not the retirement market that has attracted other Florida builders. (TIME, May 10, 1958). Last year he built 2,380 homes in the \$12,000-\$16,000 price range in Florida.

A \$20,000 Mansion. Heftler himself lives in California in a \$20,000 white-washed hillside mansion in Beverly Hills. But he did not construct the pleasure dome himself. Says he: "A contractor should never build his own home. He makes too many changes, and it ends up costing him four times as much as it should."

Since 1957 Heftler has sold 3,976 homes in Florida; plans to sell twice as many in the early 1960s. Along with the



Throttle for sound

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Sunset Park project with Centex, Heftler plans to build junior executive-type houses in Carol City, will start a 5,000-home development in Orlando that will have community recreation facilities.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Lieut. General James M. Gavin (ret.), 52, one-time Army missile chief who quit his job in 1958 after criticizing Administration policy, was named president and chief executive officer of Arthur D. Little, Inc., of Cambridge, Mass. (1950 sales: \$19 million), the nation's oldest (since 1886) major industrial research firm. Gavin joined Little as a vice president shortly after leaving the Army, has been executive vice president since last March, will succeed President Raymond Stevens, 65, who will become chairman of the executive committee.

¶ Arthur Harrison Motley, 59, publisher-president of *Parade* magazine since 1946, was elected president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, succeeding Edwin D. Canham, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who will become chairman of the board. Garrulous, cigar-smoking "Red" Motley, who has sold zithers, Fuller brushes and cough syrup, is sometimes called one of the twelve best U.S. salesmen. He has hiked *Parade's* circulation from 2,000,000 to nearly 10 million, its gross from \$1,800,000 to \$25 million. He considers it his duty in his new job "to get the membership off its goddamn duff, and doing more about pushing the chamber's activities." An inveterate speechmaker (125 a year), he lost no time last week in starting on a 200,000-mile hard-sell air trip to stir up chamber members.

¶ Giuseppe Pero, 66, was elected president and chief executive of Italy's Olivetti company, succeeding Adriano Olivetti, who, before his death fortnight ago, transformed his father's small typewriter business into a worldwide manufacturer of office machines and machine tools. Directors passed over Olivetti's son Roberto and several other Olivetti family members to pick stumpy, white-maned Pero, the shrewd, early-rising (5:30 a.m.) executive who has been director general since 1938. He is expected to let Adriano Olivetti's political adventures (*i.e.*, his Community Movement) die, devote all his efforts strictly to business.

¶ Lawrence Cowen, 52, president of Lionel Corp., from 1946 until last fall, was named chairman and chief executive officer of Schick Inc., makers of electric shavers. Cowen, who bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange at the age of 21, was ousted from Lionel when a new group led by Lawyer Roy M. Cohn took control of the company founded by Cowen's father (who gave his middle name Lionel, to the toy electric trains he created). At Schick, Cowen succeeds Chester G. Gifford, who took over as Schick chairman in November 1958 when Revlon President Charles Revson bought a controlling 20% share of Schick stock for Revlon, resigned after a stormy tenure.

Love Letters to Rambler



Father of two teenage daughters and a 10-year-old son, Mr. Alvin R. Torsch, of Alpena, Mich., recently packed up his family for a tour of the West.—8,000 miles pulling a 15-foot trailer with his Rambler 6 wagon (the fourth he has owned). His report:

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AFRICA TO HOLLYWOOD. In Africa, the crusade led by Evangelist Billy Graham meets acclaim—and challenge. In Hollywood, the cameras stop, usher in an unprecedented period of panic. See both events graphically portrayed in exclusive LIFE photos this week.

BIG DEB WHIRL. Today more families with more money are striving to be more accepted than ever before. A result: last year in New York and its suburbs there were 500 grand affairs. What it costs fathers, and how the debs' escorts and stags live it up.

WORLD OF 'ZERO G.' In a new series of exclusive, first-person reports, each of the Astronauts is telling LIFE readers about a part of their grueling training. Here Navy Lieutenant Scott Carpenter describes just what it's like to float without weight in space.

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MISCELLANY

Milky Way. In Brooklyn, Milkman Pleasant Booker admitted a series of early morning burglaries, insisted that he never robbed a customer.

Research. In Pullman, Wash., the librarian of Washington State University reported the theft of *Cheating—How It Can Be Stopped*.

Bushwhacked. In Canberra, Australia, a delegation of aborigines complained to the government that plastic, made-in-Japan boomerangs were cutting off their livelihood.

Voting Residence. In San Antonio, when Marie Barnhill, 46, was booked for drunkenness for the 240th time since 1940, police discovered that her only known address was "County Jail."

Understaffed. In Tulsa, Okla., Paper Boy Leon Stagg was told to put the police chief's copy of the *World* under his office door "to keep detectives from stealing it."

Community Spirits. In Tokyo, a fire broke out in the Immortal Classroom tavern, but was quickly put out after it had destroyed the bar next door, called *To-morrow Is Too Late*.

Core Course. In New Hyde Park, N.Y., when Kindergarten Teacher Florence Ann Mostler, 24, got married, 30 of her pupils showed up at the church, each carrying a shiny red apple.

Eye Sore. In Detroit, Private Detective James Kimble, 37, complained that a thief had broken into his car and stolen his kit containing a magnifying glass, fingerprinting tools, his diploma and badge.

Wedding Bells. In Springfield, Mo., Anna L. Hindman, suing for divorce, charged that her TV-engineer husband wired their bed with an electric "shocking machine" to enforce his edict that four hours of sleep a night is enough.

Wedlocked. In London, John W. Wise-man won a divorce after testifying that his wife had hit him with a pair of fire-place tongs, jabbed him with a knife, thrown boiling water at him, stubbed out a cigarette on his arm, and slapped his mouth with a bunch of keys.

Tryout. In Sun Valley, Calif., Herbert LaFrance, 61, took an overdose of sleeping pills, twice rammed his car into power poles, walked barefoot on the fallen live wires, survived, told police: "I still want to kill myself, I don't know why."

Revival. In Detroit, Giuseppe Peppe Bildinelli, 74, was tagged for drunkenness after he cruised up and down the sidewalk on a bicycle, offering drinks from a wine jug to men entering Salvation Army headquarters.



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BOOKS

The Science-Fiction Situation

New Maps of Hell (161 pp.)—Kingsley Amis—Harcourt, Brace (\$3.95)

The existence of a hard-cover monograph by a respectable author in praise of science fiction poses a question: Are science-fiction addicts still to be classed with such pariahs as matchbook collectors, astrologers, dog breeders, philatelists, health foodists and canasta bugs? Or have they gained the social level of horse players (\$20 and \$100 windows), opera lovers, physicians, bridge careerists and sports-car nuts? British Novelist Kingsley (Lucky Jim) Amis, a science-fiction addict since he was twelve, speaks with dignity in behalf of his fellow incurables.

Now largely past its BEM (big-eyed monster) and little-green-menace stage, science fiction can look fondly at its own beginnings, and Amis writes knowledgeably of Lucian of Samosata. The Greek writer's *True History* is an early account of a space voyage (the ship is whirled to the moon by a waterspout), but though fictional it is hardly scientific, even considering the state of science in the 2nd century A.D. Claims of other ancestors are unsurprising: Swift, H. G. Wells, and Jules Verne. Until about 1940, BEMs kept a many-tentacled grip on the medium, but then came the big turning point. Readers became too sophisticated to accept the simple substitution of the blaster for the six-gun, and stories that were merely prophetic paled as scientists caught up with the pulp writers.

Utopian Marriage. "Idea as hero" Amis says donnishly, is the basis of much present-day science fiction. Utopias, both Orwellian and benign, abound; one interesting Utopian idea, put forth by Science Fictioneer Robert Sheckley is a society in which wives are placed in suspended animation and warmed up only when needed, so that they age only one year for every dozen on the calendar.

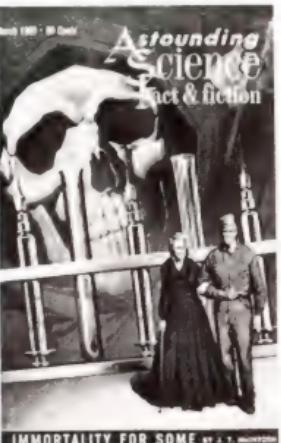
Addicts of old-fashioned, interstellar escape are appalled to find considerable philosophizing in the newer works about man's fate, first causes and the like, taking the place of chromium-plated maidens-riding finial time machines. A remarkable development charted by Amis is that xenophobia seems to be dwindling; extraterrestrial races were once generally loathsome, but now most of them are a good deal more mannerly than human beings. A wry corollary is the now typical story of Earthlings, as far advanced scientifically as they are retarded morally who burst BEM-like upon the ancient andain helpless squid-creatures of Alpha Centauri.

More Than a Pulitzer. Mad scientists—Critic Amis notes, are no longer well regarded. In fact, scientists are often credited with possessing most of mankind's available sanity. (Many S.F. authors and readers have had technical training, and the literature contains more than a hint of mutual admiration.) Except when plots

involve genetics, sex is treated with spinsterly distaste; the earthier urges, concludes Amis, are best ignored.

S.F. satire can be harsh and effective: Author William (Of All Possible Worlds) Tenn hypothesized a U.S. where veneration of the average has reached a stage in which all brilliance is suppressed, so that a race of intelligent Newfoundland retrievers is able to take over the government and cross-breed humans for their stick-throwing abilities.

Amis has no notion that science fiction will one day comprise the main stream of literature, as some of its proletarianizers seem to think. But he defends



AN S.F. COVER
Earthier urges are best ignored.

it vigorously as a popular art form, and by way of illustrating its appeal, he cites the case of a science-fiction writer who wandered into a New Orleans' bordello and found his work so highly favored by the staff that he was asked to be the guest of the establishment. Better writers may have won the Pulitzer Prize, but few have won this sort of recognition.

Is Sex Necessary?

Its UGLY HEAD (183 pp.) — Derek Monsey—Simon & Schuster (\$3.50).

If news of Derek Monsey's novel reaches the right ears, he will surely be barred for life from the Book-of-the-Month and P.E.N. clubs. His book is didactic, and his thesis—previously espoused by Savonarola, Bowdler and certain 17th century New England pastors but expounded by no fiction writer within memory—is simple: among the higher primates, sex is nasty.

The book begins safely enough. The narrator, who can be described redundant-

ly as a discontented newspaperman, hate his job. In the process the author (movie critic for London's *Sunday Express*) pokes some sharp fun at British journalism. But the tip-off that Novelist Monsey finds the world more "sickening" than funny comes soon: the narrator mentions that his cast-off wife, a stripteaser whose breasts point nor'-nor'east and nor'-nor'west, respectively, achieved her directional distinction through cosmetic surgery. What follows is no more pleasant than a surgeon's knife.

The newspaperman learns that a girl with whom he has been living has casually let herself be sterilized, and that a debutante with whom he would like to play house is all too fertile. He arranges for an abortion, although he is not the deb's undoer. He is caught, stripped and tortured almost to death by the girl's brother and two accomplices, not because of the abortion plans but just for the sadistic hell of it. Eventually he marries the girl, and as the book ends, he is about to divorce her. "The evidence which the various agents have collected is quite straightforward," the narrator relates. "It always is. It's an ugly business."

Novelist Monsey writes very well, but not very convincingly. His sentences, paragraphs and pages are apt and forceful, and for the most part sustain the moods he intends. But taken a chapter or so at a time, the writing wars with itself. The reader may wonder whether the author really means what his narrator says. The newspaperman's powerful, simultaneous attraction and revulsion toward sex has left him torn by disillusion. But his humor betrays him: it is sane and healthy. The grin may be twisted, but the mind is not, and it is hard to believe that once the fellow gets his divorce and has a few drinks to steady himself, he will still be able to see the Devil's jiggling hoofs instead of the harmaid's dimpled knees.

King of Cads

Frank Harris: THE LIFE AND LOVES OF A SCOUNDREL (246 pp.)—Vincent Brome—Thomas Yoseloff (\$5).

Had he not been a thundering liar Frank Harris would have been a great autobiographer. He shared with the major self-portrait artists—Cellini, Pepys, Boswell and Rousseau—the paradoxical but necessary combination of a surging pride and a vestigial sense of shame. But he had the crippling disqualification that he told the truth, as Max Beerbohm once remarked, only "when his invention flagged."

In his notorious four volumes, *My Life and Loves*—the first installment of which was published in 1923, when he was 67—Harris embellished the fantastic facts of his life with even more fantastic fictions. His accounts of prodigious sexual exploits seem to have been less Frank than Harris. Now, 50 years after Harris rocketed to fame in London, British Author Vincent Brome has recovered a nose cone of truth from the oblivion into which Harris' reputation has fallen. It is a brisk and entertaining book in which Biographer Brome wisely leaves judgment to the



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men who knew him best—Max Beerbohm, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw.

Sand Hog & Cowboy. Harris was a bullying bantam of a man (barely 5 ft. 2 in. without his 2-in. elevator heels) who had great gifts, a natural swagger, and a voice variously compared to a Russian choir, the organ at Westminster Abbey and the rustling leaves of a brass artichoke. Born to enchant and embarrass, bewitch and betray, seduce and swindle a whole *Who's Who* of famous friends, Harris was never forgotten by those who met him—and rarely forgiven.

In the present age of the specialist, a man like Harris might well have been screened out. Born in 1856 in Galway, son of a Welsh lieutenant in the Royal Navy, young Harris ran away from school at 15, having made a name for himself by hitting the class bully with a cricket ball—which was (and is) not considered cricket in an English school. Harris made his way to America, became a shoeshine boy and sand hog in New York (he worked on the Brooklyn Bridge), a cowboy in the U.S. West (he was fearless as a gun fighter, by his own account), a lawyer of sorts. He served as correspondent for several U.S. papers during the Russo-Turkish war—covering the hostilities from a brothel in Odessa, some say though Harris insisted that he never left dashing General Skoboleff's side.

At 26 after all his adventures only a friendless, penniless clerk, Frank Harris set out to daze London.

Back to 14. He had a Himalayan egotism (Shaw quipped of him that Harris thought America had been discovered the day he landed there), and he needed every foot of it as he determined to scale the English Establishment, that trade union of church, state, brains, blood and money which at the time seemed the secure pinnacle of all earthly power and glory. How he made it and then slithered off the summit into jail, exile, ostracism and beggary adds up to a fascinating record.

He joined the Marxist Social Democratic Federation, and thought seriously (he later said) of bombing William Ewart Gladstone to death in the House of Commons. Instead, he took up journalism, brazened his way to the editorship of the *Evening News*. At first, he ran it as "a scholar and man of the world of twenty-eight"—without success: "but as I went down wards and began to edit as I felt at twenty then at eighteen, I was more successful; but when I got to my tastes at fourteen years of age, I found instantaneous response. Kissing and fighting were the only things I cared for at thirteen or fourteen and these are the things the English public desires."

Brilliant Bully. By this editorial principle, Harris raised *News* circulation from 7,000 to 70,000. He gained social standing of a sort by marrying a wealthy widow, whom he made poorer but no happier. He stood for Parliament as a Conservative but ruined his chances by making a speech on the merits of mistresses for M.P.s. By borrowing right and left,



FRANK HARRIS
 An end of the evil thereof.

Harris managed to buy a literary weekly the *Saturday Review*, tossed out its old staff and before long had a roster of contributors including Shaw, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling.

As an editor he was a brilliant bully. Wells once confessed that he made him feel like a bankrupt undertaker: Classist Middleton Murry cowered as Harris roared: "God's great fist! You Murry, wrote this drivel about *Paradise Lost*?" But Harris befriended Oscar Wilde, though he did not share Oscar's homosexual bent—and the friendship bolstered his social success. It was a time when conversation was still considered a fine art, and Wilde and Harris were two of the greatest conversationalists in London, sought by hostesses for the wit and charm of their anecdote.

Ideals & Swindles. Harris' social climb was not destined to last. As Wilde said of him: "Frank Harris has been to all the great houses of England—once!" There was a fatal ambiguity in Harris' character which ran through a hundred episodes in his life. He was a fire-breathing imperialist as editor of the *Evening News* and later a liberal pro-Boer in the *Saturday Review*. He both overpriced and caged. He hated the posh and the powerful, but once he had the top hat on his own head, he was happy—until he ran out of words and credit. He loved England, yet became a pro-German propagandist in the U.S. during World War I.

He stood by his friend when Wilde's homosexuality jostled him from society into Reading Gaol. During Oscar's trial, he advised him to escape to France—there was a yacht waiting, he said, with steam up in the Thames. (Shaw suspected the steam yacht was hot air, just as

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Painter Augustus John thought Harris' Rolls-Royce to be "like Elijah's chariot purely mythical." When Oscar went to prison, Harris defied a savage social blockade to visit the ruined man, offered him £500. There may have been genuine courage in his conduct, but typically, two days later, Harris withdrew his offer.

He could write "with one hand, the equivalent of a blackmailing letter [while] with the other he turned the pages of the Bible looking for an appropriate quotation. While he professed Utopian ideals he indulged petty swindles.

Thus it went—stock frauds, scandals involving teen-age girls, plagiarism, libel suits until the final debacle of broke exile in the south of France; when Harris was at last faithful to the wife who loved him, he was too shortsighted to see the girls, and still too vain to wear glasses. Yet he died in 1931, with his own noble epitaph already written: "There is an end of time and of the evil thereof; when delight is gone out of thee and desire is dead, thy mourning shall not be for long . . ."

Alkie's Nightmare

The Endless Road (301 pp.)—Roger Treat—Barnes \$5.95.

"Listen, Peter," the voice says, "you're no good. Why don't you jump out the window, Peter?" Trembling, Peter rummages through the wastebasket, runs his tongue feverishly into the necks of the three empty bottles he finds there. Then he sets it on the floor—a quart bottle three-quarters full of bourbon. But a gleaming white boa constrictor is coiled around it, flicking its forked tongue.

Peter lunges for the bottle, despite the snake. He lurches up to the hotel window and begins his insane, compulsive ritual, shouting the names of the Derby winners in backward sequence at the passersby far below: "Broker's Tip, Burgoo King, Twenty Grand, Gallant Fox . . . Flying Ebony, Jump, Peter. Fly like Flying Ebony." Another snake, as big as his thigh, strikes at him. The bottle drops and shatters on the radiator. Sobbing "Leave me alone. No more. No more," Peter collapses across the hotel bed on the bare breast of the nymphomaniacal redhead with whom he is sharing his bender.

Missionary Zeal. Neither the snakes nor the nymphos will leave Peter Fletcher alone, for he is an advanced alcoholic of vaguely endearing charm. However, it is not pleasant to keep Peter's company and Author Treat, a newspaperman (Connecticut's *Danbury News-Times*) and "arrested" alcoholic, does not mean it to be. Written with more missionary zeal than narrative skill, *The Endless Road* is dedicated to two propositions: 1) the alcoholic is sick, sick, sick; 2) Alcoholics Anonymous offers the only real help. What the novel shares with *The Lost Weekend*, a famed and far better book of 16 years ago, is the gift for making the nightmarish thirst and terror of an alcoholic demonically real.

At the beginning of *Endless Road*, Peter Fletcher has already lost a great deal



NOVELIST TREAT
All in the brotherhood of booze?

more than a weekend. A onetime athlete he has lost his physical fitness. He has lost his job as a columnist. He has left his wife Mary, an odd mother-hen type who needed Peter's boozed-up dependence on her as much as he needed booze. The only thing he has not lost is the enduring friendship of Jon Baker, a fellow boozefighter of yesteryear who has become an apostle of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Everyman's Problem. As Jon tries to pin Peter down long enough to sober him up and give him another last chance, *Endless Road* becomes a relentless chase scene through Chicago's fussy and sleazy bars, plush and flea-lag hotels, punctuated with impromptu shank-ups. Contrary to prevalent opinion, Author Treat argues that the real alcoholic is a man of satirical urges and astonishing potency. At novel's end, a penitent sober Peter is entraining for dry New Mexico desert country—but with his hand ominously poised on the doorknob of the bar car.

Author Treat is utterly convincing when he describes an "alkie" expertly mouth-tipping a martini glass that his hand is too shaky to raise, or the numb, fumbling haze in which minutes, hours and whole days are erased from the calendar. He ticks conviction, or at least a sense of balance, when he fulminates against psychiatry, society and orthodox religion and soapboxes the reader's ears on the virtues of A.A. (which relies heavily upon religion). Starting from the premise that the alcoholic may be Everyman, Author Treat ironically seems to end up proving the opposite—that the alcoholic is a sectarian in a strange mystical brotherhood in which the only man who has the savvy to salvage a drunk is another drunk.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Tiger Bay. A fast-moving British film that follows a killer and a little girl around Cardiff, produces enough suspense to bring sweat to stoniest foreheads.

The Cranes Are Flying (Russian). Director Mikhail Kalatozov's extravagant camera thaws away some of the puritanical morality of the revolution and lifts one woman's crime and punishment into a whirling, vital love story.

Once More, With Feeling. In the screen adaptation of the Broadway comedy, Yul Brynner tends to break arms instead of tickling funny bones, but the late Kay Kendall shows that she was a lovely clown with a touch of genius.

Ikiru (Japanese). A hard-eyed, nail-by-nail examination of a common man's Calvary, and perhaps the finest achievement of Director Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa, Japan's most gifted moviemaker.

The Magician (Swedish). Brilliant Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman uses his own magic to tell the haunting story of a 19th century Mesmer.

Our Man in Havana. Graham Greene's bestseller makes an amusing screenplay that first wildly spoofs espionage, then uses the dagger to tickle the ribs with social satire. Alec Guinness, Noel Coward.

Rosemary (German). The life and death of a high-priced prostitute add up to a biting, highly amusing commentary on West Germany's *Wirtschaftswunder* (economic miracle), effectively using masses of black Mercedes as a kind of silent chorus and some highly worth-Weill songs to underscore the satire.

TELEVISION

Wed., March 16

Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall (NBC, 9:10 p.m.).¹ Guests: Bing Crosby and a host of his boys; Dancer Peter Gennaro; Talker-Singer Geneviève. Color.

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10:11 p.m.). Through the troubles of a university professor, the problem of suicide (20,000 cases yearly in the U.S.) is examined in *The Desperate Season*.

Thurs., March 17

CBS Reports (CBS, 10:11 p.m.). Kicked out of the Dominican Republic last month—but not before they had shot \$5,000 ft. of film—CBS Correspondent Bill Leonard and his crew strike back with *Traffic: Portrait of a Dictator*.

Fri., March 18

The Pontiac Star Parade (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Victor Borge's *Accent on Music*. Guest: Jane Powell. Color.

Sat., March 19

John Gunther's High Road (ABC, 8:30 p.m.). Restless John goes to sea, begins a two-part report on the commercial chase after tuna.

World Wide '60 (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Madeleine Carroll narrates *Where Is Your Brother, Abel?* a documentary on European refugee camps.

The Jack Benny Hour (CBS, 10:11 p.m.). Guests: Phil Silvers, Polly Bergen.

¹All times E.S.T.

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Sun., March 20

Conquest (CBS, 5:50-7 p.m.). A documentary on a difficult operation that has brought instant hearing to ears long deaf.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). The story of *Patton* and the Third Army.

Our American Heritage (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Christopher Plummer, Anne Francis, Ann Harding and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in *Autocrat and Son*, about the early life of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Color.

Special Tonight (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). An adaptation of Marcia Davenport's novel, *The Valley of Decision*.

Tues., March 22

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Directed by Broadway's Sidney (Caligula) Lumet, James Mason, Trevor Howard and Richard Basehart star in an adaptation of Robert Shaw's new novel, *The Hiding Place* (TIME, Feb. 22). The plot: R.A.F. flyers are prisoners of a crazed German.

Ford Starline (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Rex Harrison stars in *Dear Arthur*, Gore Vidal's adaptation of a comedy-drama by Ferenc Molnar.

THEATER

Off Broadway

Henry IV, Part I. Nicely balancing Shakespeare's broadsword heroes against his tankard humor, Manhattan's Phoenix Theater offers a play that in modern times has not always fared well with big names; here does an attractive job without any.

On Broadway

A Thurber Carnival. An animated anthology of pen-and-pencil work by the most splendidly mad of modern humorists. In Thurber's often uniquely wonderful and instructive world, everyone is to some extent out of his mind. Among the kooks: Tom Ewell, Paul Ford, Alice Ghostley, Peggy Cass, John McGiver.

Toys in the Attic. Lillian Hellman's new play about a weak ne'er-do-well slaps a lethargic Broadway season into awareness, is written with power and insight.

The Andersonville Trial. A post-Civil War Trial—of the officer who ran the notorious Andersonville prison camp—makes a vivid evening on Broadway, although it never pays off on its promise to plunge to the bottom of the moral issues it raises.

Five Finger Exercise. British playwright Peter Shaffer knows a tormented family when he sees one, and manipulates its members with dramatic skill. Deftly directed by Sir John Gielgud, with Jessica Tandy.

Fiorello! The early career of New York's colorful mayor comes alive as a bright and pleasant musical. With Spit- and-Image Tom Bosley.

The Miracle Worker. Although William Gibson's play about the young Helen Keller often lacks skill, it becomes a deeply moving theatrical experience through the performances of Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke.

The Deadly Game. Three retired European men-of-law nightly meet for dinner and a sort of muck-court parlor game. An American salesman happens in, is tried for his morally slipshod life. Adapted by James Yaffe from a Friedrich Duerrenmatt novel.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A European Education, by Romain Gary. This early Gary novel like its successors, draws its force from a protagonist who is condemned to heroism—a Polish boy whose lessons, learned during the Nazi occupation, are bitter and shattering.

Passage of Arms, by Eric Ambler. The latest amble into fear, a fable of gunrunning in Indonesia, is more lighthearted than the author's customary cloak-and-Luger exercises, but just as entertaining.

The Owl of Minerva, by Gustav Regler. This first-rate memoir of an ex-Communist, far from the customary exercise in self-justification, tells of the author's misadventures in the century's wars and revolutions, offers insight into the politics and morals of his age.

The Little War of Private Post, by Charles Johnson Post. The author, a magazine writer-illustrator until his death in 1956, fought in the Spanish-American War and charged up San Juan Hill, writes vividly of the heroes and underhounds he traveled with.

Queen Mary, by James Pope-Hennessy. The official, coolly shrewd biography of Britain's late Queen Mary reveals, despite titters of titles, a remarkable woman, anachronistic though never absurd.

The Violent Bear It Away, by Flannery O'Connor. A kind of horror story of faith, about backwoodsmen intoxicated with God and hate.

Between Then and Now, by Alba de Céspedes. Writing with unsettling skill about what it is like to be female, the author tells of a woman who discovers that the bonds of freedom can be more confining than those of family.

Kiss Kiss, by Roald Dahl. The author concentrates largely on the female of the species in these stories, and proves Kipling's point about its toxicity with chilling wit.

Love and the French, by Nina Epton. A review, with one eye on the lofty mystery of love and the other hovering at the keyhole, of the Gallic love parade through history.

Best Sellers

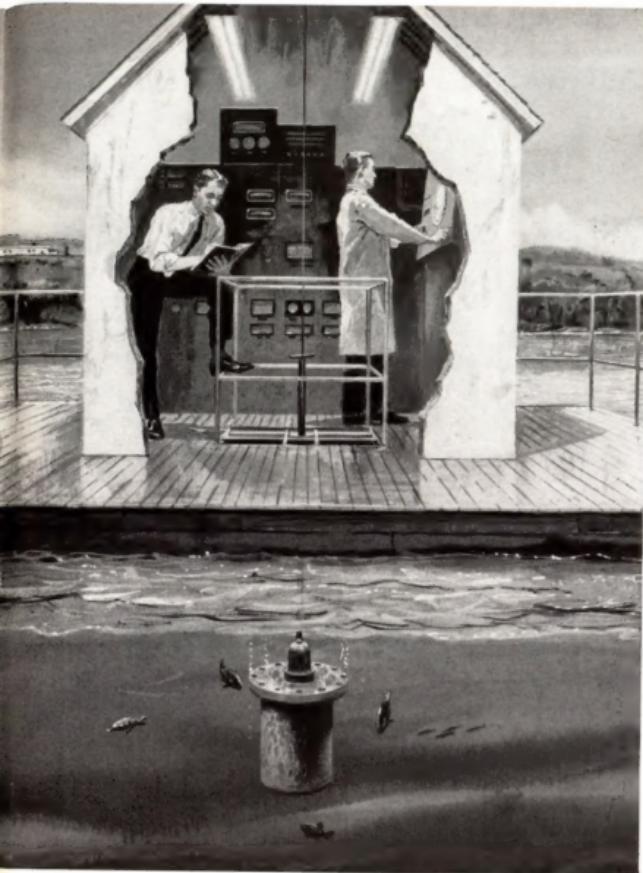
FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (2)*
2. **Hawaii**, Michener (1)
3. **Ourselves to Know**, O'Hara (8)
4. **The Constant Image**, Davenport (3)
5. **Two Weeks in Another Town**, Shaw (5)
6. **Dear and Glorious Physician**, Caldwell (6)
7. **The Lincoln Lords**, Hawley
8. **Poor No More**, Ruark (7)
9. **The Devil's Advocate**, West (4)
10. **Kiss Kiss**, Dahl (10)

NONFICTION

1. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers**, King (1)
2. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (2)
3. **Grant Moves South**, Cutton (5)
4. **Act One**, Hart (4)
5. **My Wicked, Wicked Ways**, Flynn (3)
6. **The Joy of Music**, Bernstein (6)
7. **The Status Seekers**, Packard (8)
8. **Love and the French**, Epton (17)
9. **The Longest Day**, Ryan (17)
10. **A Time in Rome**, Bowen

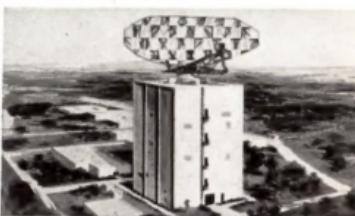
¹Position on last week's list.



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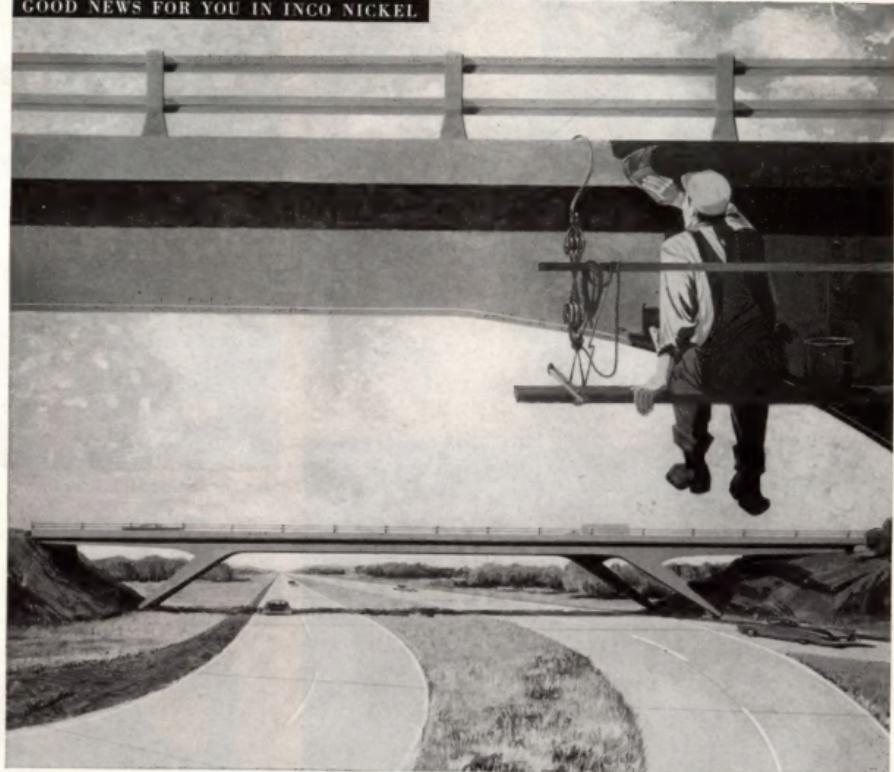
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Now...Steel with Nickel can save taxpayers 7 million a year on highway upkeep

To provide the highways America needs, an estimated 65,000 new overpasses will be built within the next ten years. Then will come the cost of maintaining them. Biggest item: repainting.

The bill for repainting the overpasses that will be built during the '60's could run to 20 million dollars a year . . . unless. Unless the bridges are built of corrosion-resistant metals such as nickel-copper high strength steel.

By resisting corrosion far better than standard structural steel, nickel-copper high strength steel holds a coat of paint at least 50% longer. It is estimated that this could save the taxpayers 7 million

dollars every year in repainting costs!

Yet, bridges can be built of this steel, at no added cost. To get impartial cost comparisons, Inco sponsored a study which showed that the use of this stronger nickel-copper steel in highway overpasses saves enough tonnage so that the total cost of the bridge is no greater than with standard structural steel. It also makes possible safer, more graceful design.

Facts on bridge-steel corrosion based on thirty-five years of Inco research are being presented to bridge designers. This kind of market development by Inco brings important benefits of Nickel

to more and more people. It's another reason why there's "Good news for you in Inco Nickel."

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This bridge in Oregon used conventional steel in section at left, and nickel-copper high strength steel in section at right — both painted 10 years ago. Because of corrosion on left, bridge is scheduled for repainting, while paint on right is still good for more years' service.

Inco Nickel makes steel perform better longer

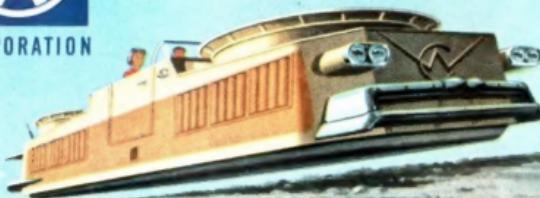


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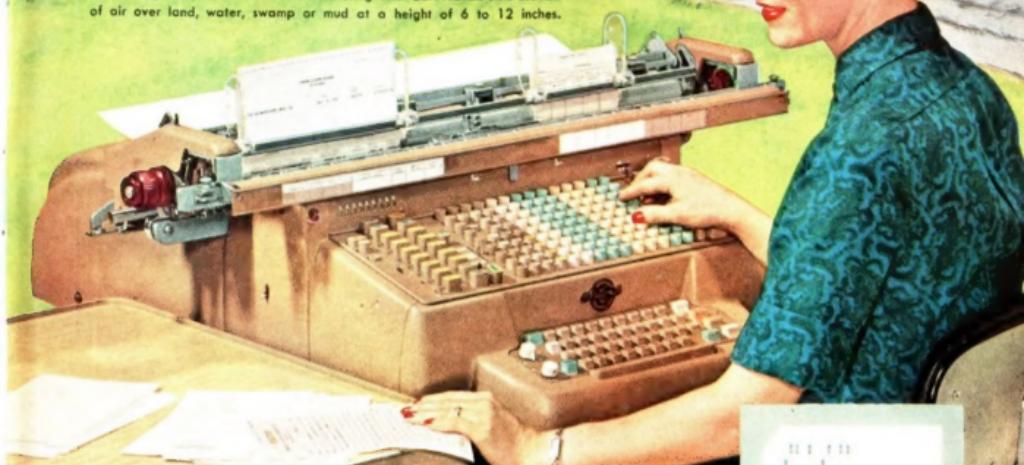


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